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SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN MASONIC REGALIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, LEBURY STREET, S.W.



## NOT QUITE CHRISTIAN.

## I.

On the morning of April 1, 1897, the good ship *Thomirot* was, like an indiscreet novelist, leaving the Isle of Man for England. There was no one on board of any importance to this story, which was disappointing for the good ship *Thomirot*, and makes it unnecessary to pursue the subject further.

## II.

Senda Victorius and Appian Glorius are beautiful and suggestive names.

Senda Victorius had considerable kick and verve. To these she added an epistolary style and a nurse's costume. She would have looked equally well in print. What would be the use of a heroine who did not look well in print?

Appian Glorius was about as disinherited as they make them. He saw an advertisement in the morning papers—

WANTED—Man to reform the world and everything else, in spare time. No previous experience required.

So he went into holy orders and his father went into an unholy passion, and that is how it was that he was so disinherited.

## III.

Here is a letter which Senda Victorius wrote from London to her grandpapa, who was a feeble potter in the Isle of Man—

Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Come out of it! Dearest and ownest, I'm me and I'm here, and I do feel so gay. The Rev. Appian Glorius, as chaplain of the hospital where I am nurse, calls occasionally to object to everything, but even that cannot stop the gaiety. What a perfect beanfeast the life of a nurse in a London hospital is, to be sure! If a hospital is like this, what must a theatre be? Perhaps I shall try one day, and perhaps I shan't. I heard the Rev. Appian Glorius preach the other day, and, speaking without prejudice, he can't preach for toffee. Isn't this a silly sort of a half-baked letter? Never mind, you dear old dodderer, I'm Senda Victorius, and that modifies my letters a good deal. Be quite comforted and reassured, for no one is happier than—Your own  
SENDA.

P.S.—I am crying my eyes out while I write this, and I shan't tell you why, because I want to comfort and reassure you.

It should have been mentioned that Senda's epistolary style was breezy. Breeziness without vulgarity was her mark.

## IV.

Lord Robert Ugh was by profession a villain. He was ugly, as villains always are. But what you noticed most about him was his perfect breeding, his absolute fitness for good society.

As the Canon and the Rev. Appian Glorius entered the drawing-room Lord Robert put his thumb to his nose and extended his fingers in the direction of Appian. Several ladies laughed at this witty sally.

"This is the Rev. Appian Glorius," said the hostess apologetically.

"Oh?" asked Lord Robert, screwing his diseased eye-glass into his bloated eye. "You're a curate, are you? I've got a perpetual curacy, and I suppose you want to toady me to get it. No good. I offered it to a curate if he'd lick my boots, and, bai Jove, the creachaw did it!"

The general laugh at this sarcasm was broken by Mrs. Porringer. She was a Scottish lady, and quite nice.

"Bide a wee, my duckies," she observed, "and, begorra, I'll tell you a story mysel'."

"Must you?" asked the hostess.

"Aye, my birdie. Jeannie Porringer ain't the woman to see a curate put upon while she has one story of an immoral bishop left in her repertoire."

With an air of resignation, the hostess rang the bell. The servants entered and drew down the blinds, while the ladies covered their heads with the chair-backs and grasped their smelling-bottles. They knew the class of story to expect from the female reformer.

## V.

As this paper circulates among hardened men of the world, Mrs. Porringer's story cannot be given here. Look out for it when this novel appears in book-form, and see that you get it.

At the conclusion of the story there was a loud explosion. The Canon had gone off in a fit of disgust.

## VI.

The Canon was a conventional, mealy-mouthed hypocrite, who did not like Mrs. Porringer's stories. Lord Robert Ugh, representing the English aristocracy, was wicked, although his manners were as good as ever. Senda Victorius was not behaving nicely, and, as she was in Appian's charge, it occurred to him that he had better leave her.

Everything was rotten. Appian had done what he could. He had refused the Prime Minister's offer of an archbishopric, though, to one in deacon's orders, the offer was certainly generous. He had travelled third class. He had paid afternoon calls in football-boots, flannel trousers, and a policeman's helmet. And yet the world remained as callous and hypocritical and foul and fetid as before.

In a fit of despair the Rev. Appian Glorius went straight into a Mystic Brotherhood.

## VII.

When Appian Glorius had had enough of the Mystic Brotherhood he left it. He had really made nothing out of it except one full-sized bloodhound, and had been unable to break himself of his habit of reforming the world. He longed to work and renounce things.

Senda Victorius had left the hospital and sunk lower and lower until she had become a prima-donna at Covent Garden. Every Monday they agreed to marry, and every Thursday they renounced each other. Sometimes for a change she would renounce her profession, and he would renounce London. They renounced anything that happened to be about.

It might have become almost tiresome if it had not been for the work, and an occasional meeting with Lord Robert Ugh or his friend Nelson in the Garden House at Clement's Inn.

## VIII.

"Damn the leisured classes!" screamed Appian fiercely.

"You're a liar," said Lord Robert.

"The tea's ready," said poor Senda.

"The name of an English gentleman——" began Nelson.

"You accursed scoundrel!" howled Appian. Then Lord Robert said damn a few more times, and they told each other that they were far from being what they ought to be, and the bloodhound made his teeth meet in the teapot, and Senda burst into sobs. It was a nice quiet tea-party.

Clement's Inn has since been rebuilt.

## IX.

Senda and Appian made their way through the seething, shouting crowd, "How dare they?" she cried. Her eyes flashed with indignation.

"Freedom is impossible here," answered Appian. It was indeed a terrible sight! In the middle of the crowd was a poor captive balloon, tied down by cruel, barbarous ropes.

"Quick!" cried Appian. "There is no time to be lost. The man who takes the money may be here any minute."

Before anyone could stop them they had leaped into the car and cut the poor thing's fetters. With one great joyful leap of gratitude the balloon bounded skyward.

From below they could hear the crowd shouting—

"Senda Victorius! Appian Glorius!"

"Our names," she said.

"You and I," he gasped.

"Upward!" she cried, with ecstasy in her face.

"Ah!"

"Oh!"

"For ever and ever."

"Quite so."

BARRY PAIN.

## IN DE CITY.

Dar's a sultry sort o' place whar de sinners go,  
A place dey call—"De City."

Oh it's dar you heah de chime ob de Bells ob Bow,  
In dat lubly land—"De City."

Dey tole me de streets am paved wid gold!  
An' you buy—an' you sell—(an' are sometimes sold!),  
An' you nebber catch a chill do de wind blow cold,  
For it mighty warm!—"De City."

Say, is dis true A'm telling you?

'Twuz a white man tole it me.

I dunno!

I don't!

But when A'm free, A'm goin' dar to see!

See dem ail jump out o' bed soon as cock do crow,  
Dem poor coons "in de City!"

O so early in de mawnin' in a gang dey go—  
To Moor-fields "in de City!"

Dey work 'mong de cotton in de early light,  
An' keep movin'—all a-movin'—till late at night,  
So dat when dey git back home, dey is tired out quite,  
O it hard work—"in de City!"

Eb'ry blue-eyed little barmaid, dey call my dear,  
Dey so human "in de City!"

Dey not proud, aldo dey git heap o' gold each year—  
Plenty 'True man "in de City!"

From de sun dey find 'neath de "Shades"—a port!  
If yo' feel a bit dry dey stand a quart,

An' dey fork yo' out a dollar if yo' find yo' short.  
Oh! dey do so!—"in de City!"

It surprisin' how dey keep deir good looks so well,  
Dem poor slaves "in de City!"

Dey sometimes eben laugh—when a tale dey tell  
Been tole dem "in de City!"

Dey say, "Hab you heard—dis is new—quite new!"  
But de colour ob de tales is de same all froo,

For all tings—except de sky!—dey am painted blue  
In dat spot—so hot—"De City!"

Say, is dis true A'm tellin' you?

'Twuz a white man tole it me.

I dunno!

I don't!

But when A'm free, A'm goin' dar to see!

MARK AMBIENT.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The cordial and even enthusiastic reception of the Duke and Duchess of York everywhere in Ireland has surprised those who thought that the native kindness and hospitality of the Emerald Isle were still obscured by the former cloud of political hatred. To be sure, the Duke and Duchess were not responsible either for the claim to Home Rule or for its rejection, and, as our future constitutional Sovereigns, they could be expected to accept impartially whatever form the government of Ireland might assume in days to come. But, in spite of this obvious consideration, there can be little doubt that not many years ago their reception would have been cool, if courteous; the people would have been taught to consider the visit as merely a move in the game of politics and as an assertion of the supposed Saxon supremacy. And there would certainly not have been that genial heartiness of greeting that makes the Irishman, with all his faults, one of the most lovable of national figures.

Some of the more acrid "patriots" are evidently distressed at the warmth of the reception given to the Duke and Duchess. But, from their point of view, the success of the royal visit is only a significant symptom of a new state of things. The united welcome given to the heir to the throne will not in itself damage the position of any one of the Irish Parliamentary parties. They will not be bowled out, so to speak, by Yorkers. The real trouble for them is that the general interest felt in party politics is waning in Ireland, and, indeed, throughout the United Kingdom; and the various Home Rule factions cannot find sufficient pugnacity to break each other's heads, much less to unite against the Saxon. It is not that the bulk of the Irish has grown Unionist in opinions; it is merely that political notions have come to take a much smaller place in the general estimation. In Londonderry, a city pretty evenly divided between opposing parties, the bells seem to have alternated "No Surrender" with "The Wearing of the Green," and nobody seems to have objected to this peculiar mixture.

It is the first requisite to Irish prosperity that the old historical differences should be recognised as things of the past. It has been one of the curses of the island that its history would not stay in libraries, but insisted on walking the streets, in two or more contending versions. The great feature of English political life, and the most healthy and hopeful sign, is the way in which social amenities obliterate party distinctions, and a national danger or celebration unites all except a small and discredited faction. The same process has begun in Ireland. Even the British taxpayer may acquiesce in a large relief to his Irish fellow-sufferer when he reflects that such a readjustment was demanded by practically all the representatives of Ireland.

It all depends on the point of view. Even the once hated Constabulary has its virtues, when it keeps conflicting parties of patriots from damaging each other. The once condemned Orangeman or Nationalist has joined his former opponents to raid the Treasury, and they must

needs be more friendly. The old battle-cries are losing their meaning, the old disputes their bitterness. It is a phase of that political indifference that has lately passed over England also. This is not entirely a beneficent change, perhaps; but in Ireland, where party questions generally seem far too important, the time of quiet is an almost unmixed advantage. Not that the country at large is changing its politics. Doubtless, a General Election now would not materially alter the representation of Ireland; but, if the members are the same as before, the feeling that supports them is far weaker. They have no popular force behind them, and this is enough to explain their more peaceable demeanour. The island is fairly prosperous, though the partial failure of the potato may take serious proportions; and the proof of prosperity lies in the fact that the annual loss by emigration has become smaller and smaller. When it has disappeared, the going and coming across the Atlantic which keeps disaffection alive to a certain extent

will be closed. The American-Irish will, in time, cease to trouble themselves about the woes of Erin, and the connection between them will dwindle down to a sentimental sympathy such as exists between French and French-Canadians, if it does not some day change to enmity such as came to exist between English and French Normans.

Reduced to a moderate figure, the decrease of the Irish population will be seen to be only a particular case of that depopulation of the rural districts which is going on in many countries, notably in France. A revival of Irish manufactures, such as is now being attempted, would soon stop the drain altogether, or even turn it into an increase. Then, when few emigrated to the United States, the present grievances of the Irish-American would lose their meaning. A generation or two would differentiate him from his stay-at-home countrymen; he would be merely an American. And this would be good for him, and still better for the States.—MARMITON.



SIEGFRIED WAGNER CONDUCTING.

Photo by Lechner, Vienna, from Dr. Otto Böhlér's Silhouettes.

of conducting will be appreciated for their keen humour by all who remember that young man at the Queen's Hall a couple of years ago. He is here represented as conducting with his left hand, a practice which, I understand, he has now relinquished—at all events, so far as Bayreuth is concerned. There is, indeed, no very vital reason why among all conductors Siegfried Wagner's methods should have been selected by Dr. Böhlér for his clever caricatures, save that he is the son of his father; but, as that appears to be enough reason why he should carry the fortunes of Bayreuth on his shoulders, the public can now see how, with a change of hands, he does it.

A quaint inscription has lately been noted upon a tombstone, without name and without date, in a German cemetery. The dead man or woman, as the case may be, had ordered that the following words should be placed over the grave: "Pass on, oh reader! Waste not thy time in reading vain prose and still less useful words. My tomb tells thee what I am; what I was concerns thee not." "Vanitas vanitatum" was evidently in the thoughts of this philosophically resigned person.

## A CONDUCTOR'S METHODS.

Dr. Otto Böhlér's amusing silhouettes of Siegfried Wagner in the act and passage



## A WEEK AT THE THEATRE.

The first-nighter, professional or amateur, is rather to be pitied at this moment. So far as he is concerned, the theatrical business is being overdone. Ever since Saturday week he has been kept almost continuously on the trot, and the ordeal is not yet over. After an August destitute of attraction has come a September overcrowded with novelty. The ordinary playgoer can take his time; he is not obliged to be present at every *première*. And how much the more gracious is his state! That first nights have their charms I need not say; but how much wiser is the theatre-lover who abjures than he who cultivates them!—The former has the less excitement, to be sure; but he has the more sober, the more solid, satisfaction. Eminently foolish is it to make a business of one's pleasures. Sooner or later they will pall.

In truth, a few more such experiences as we have had of late, and some of us first-nighters will be obliged to throw up the sponge. One began light-heartedly enough with

## "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

One had had some rest, and was prepared to enjoy. One knew, to start with, pretty much what to expect. One had seen the play before, and was aware of its merits and demerits. There was only one element of curiosity: how would Mr. Frederick Harrison bear himself as the Comte de Candale? Personally, I had no doubt in the matter. He would look the part to perfection; he would play it with dignity and address. He would lack the perfect ease of the much more experienced Mr. Terriss, but he would present a gallant appearance, and would delight by his intelligence and distinction. And that is precisely what he did do. He opened nervously, but gradually warmed to his work, getting firmer and stronger as the play went on. Meanwhile, one had leisure to observe how greatly the general representation had improved. Miss Emery, Miss Dairolles, Mr. Maude, Mr. Valentine—all were better than at the *première*. If there was less improvement in Miss Dairolles' performance than in that of any of the others, that was simply because there was less room for it. Miss Dairolles is, within a certain range, one of the most finished and brilliant artists on our stage. Her scenes with Miss Emery in this play are quite perfectly rendered. And Miss Emery, too—how carefully and skilfully wrought is all she does! Everywhere the technique is admirable. All that was wanted, originally, in Mr. Maude's *De Valclos* was that it should be deprived of the suspicion of farce. Something of this was suggested at the first representation, but Mr. Maude has had the acuteness to detect the evil and remove it.

One went to the Shaftesbury in a frame of mind quite different from that in which one went to the Haymarket. Concerning

## "THE WIZARD OF THE NILE"

one knew nothing, save that it professed to be "a comic opera" and had been made in America. Mr. H. B. Smith, of "Maid Marian" fame, was the librettist, but who was the composer, Mr. Victor Herbert? As it turned out, Mr. Herbert was much the more important of the two collaborators. He is not a Sullivan, he is scarcely even a Solomon—an Edward Solomon—in the sense of being able to write genuinely comic ditties of the stamp of "All on Account of Eliza." But Mr. Herbert is evidently a good musician. Not only has he a fund of facile melody—some of it supplied, unconsciously, by memory—he has a sense of the dramatic, and some faculty for working up *ensembles*. But how about the opera as a whole? Well, the music begins by pleasing and ends by cloying. It is always tuneful, but gets tiresome. It is too fluent merely, too rarely fresh and individual. And the plot, which opens well enough, fades away gradually through Acts II. and III. There are humorous notions in it, but not many; the fun is usually mechanical. Poor Messrs. Dallas and Rock labour unremittingly, but the results are more pathetic than otherwise. Only in the case of one of his songs does Mr. Dallas really tickle the sides of the public. Mr. Harrison Brockbank sings excellently, but has nothing very interesting to sing. Miss Adèle Ritchie, from America, has some "effective" high notes, and uses them too liberally: I confess I came almost to shrink from them before the performance was over. At the same time, let it be recorded, in fairness, that Miss Ritchie's vocal efforts appeared to give unbounded gratification to the majority of her hearers, who applauded her loudly. The piece is well-staged, and I should not be at all surprised if it approved itself to a section of the public.

## "MISS FRANCIS OF YALE,"

it seems to me, has been rather hardly dealt with by certain of its censors. Everything depends upon the point of view from which you regard a work of this sort. If you go to the Globe Theatre expecting to witness another "Charley's Aunt," you are likely, I fear, to be disappointed. There is nothing in "Miss Francis" so ludicrous as Mr. Penley's impersonation of the famous "Aunt"; there is nothing so comic as the situations in which that illustrious lady was made to figure. But if you go to the Globe with a willingness to be gently titillated rather than strongly stirred, I do not see why you should not derive some real entertainment from Mr. Morton's farce. Granted that, throughout the piece, the action is of an ingenuous, not to say impossible, kind; granted that it is difficult to believe for a moment that Mr. Weedon Grossmith in knickerbockers could ever have been mistaken for a masquerading woman. All the same, "Miss Francis" does, in a *naïf* way, amuse. If none of the other players have much chance of distinguishing themselves, Mr. Grossmith, at any rate, makes the

most of the distressful positions in which he finds himself. His embarrassments divert, and that is much.

The general verdict upon the new play at the Adelphi was unquestionably favourable, and there can be no doubt that

## "IN THE DAYS OF THE DUKE"

will have a prosperous career. It will attract, in spite of its manifest drawbacks. Of these the most marked is the lack of sympathetic interest, of credibility even, in the story. In a work of this sort the "villain" ought to be furnished with a strong motive for his machinations. He ought to have good grounds for his hatred of the "hero" whom he persecutes. In the present instance one does not quite see why Mr. Cartwright is so embittered against Mr. Terriss. They are not rivals in love or in anything else. Mr. Cartwright hated Mr. Terriss when that gentleman was his own father in the prologue, because there was then a lady in the case—Miss Marion Terry, whom Aylmer *père* carried off, matrimonially, from Mr. Cartwright. But when Mr. Cartwright had murdered Aylmer *père*, surely he had sufficiently revenged himself? "Instead of which" he proceeds to torture Aylmer *fils* by seeming to prove that Aylmer *père*, so far from being a loyal servant of his Queen and country, had betrayed an English force into the hands of the enemy. No; the latest "villain" at the Adelphi does not, after the prologue, convince. His venomous pursuit of the "hero" seems gratuitous, and all the more so that he professes himself to be still in love with the said hero's mother. The proceedings of the second "villain," O'Hara, are equally inexplicable. What excuse has he for forcing the hero into a duel? The inducement to do so is of the most shadowy. I think the patrons of the Adelphi would rather have a clearer and more forcible story to follow than Messrs. Chambers and Carr have supplied on this occasion; but, on the other hand, they are provided with a number of thrilling "moments," they have the pleasure of seeing Miss Marion Terry play Mr. Terriss's mother, and they are privileged to gaze upon a number of admirable stage-pictures. In this last respect the management appears to have surpassed itself. The play is a panorama of all that is most beautiful and picturesque. The bagpipes are a bore, but I hope that by this time they have been cut out. They delay the movement of the piece, and they are not melodious.

Of the acting not much need be said. Mr. Terriss, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Nicholls, and Mr. Fulton are as usual—that is to say, thoroughly competent. Miss Millward and Miss Vane Featherston have but few opportunities for the exhibition of their well-known talent. The only one (*me judice*) who "scores" is Miss Marion Terry. Her rôle is unworthy of her powers, but she lifts it into prominence whenever she appears. How perennially delightful is her gift of conveying the idea of absolute sincerity! It is a rare as well as charming gift, and, whenever exercised, must needs put into the shade all acting from which its magic properties are absent.

## THE NEW HAMLET.

The new Hamlet aims at no great novelty, either as manager or actor, a fact that is hardly to be regretted. The introduction of Fortinbras and his soldiers at the end of the play, and the omission of the well-known repulsive soliloquy showing his alleged reasons for not killing Claudius when at his prayers, are the two most noticeable features of the production, and neither will win universal commendation. To me the introduction seems a vexing anti-climax, and the omission a serious loss of light as to Hamlet's character. In other respects hearty praise may be given to manager and stage-manager for a judicious, handsome presentation of a very difficult play.

The Hamlet of Mr. Forbes-Robertson will always be remembered with pleasure. His noble presence, perfect technique, splendid voice, and sound elocution render him from first to last a really poetical representative of the hapless Prince. Others, no doubt, have played particular passages with more striking force, and it is possible to remember performances of greater charm in certain scenes; but I, at least, have seen no Hamlet that has given me such pleasure as I had on Saturday from that of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and, if applause be evidence, the audience was of my feeling. To be critical, I should say that the one fault in his performance is in the beauty of his voice, which has the unfortunate effect of causing the speeches of the other characters to have less than their due effect. Yet several of the company, notably Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Cooper Cliffe, have voices of rare quality.

Everyone was curious as to the Ophelia of Mrs. Campbell, which was of no little charm and grace throughout, yet had less merit than her admirers had expected. Its comparative failure lay not in positive fault, but simply in the want of force, which is strange, seeing the great and well-earned success of the actress in far heavier tasks; possibly the disturbing first-night influences were upon her, or recent illness hampered—it must in any event be mentioned that there were passages of real beauty in her work, and that the audience seemed to be pleased. The Polonius was another triumph to Mr. Barnes. Playgoers who remember him but a few years ago, when he played lovers' and heroes' parts excellently, have great pleasure in seeing his success in the new line adopted by him: the unforced humour and easy suggestion of character in his work charmed all. Much excellent work was done in other parts. Mr. Ian Robertson as Ghost, Mr. Cooper Cliffe as King, and Mr. Martin Harvey, the Osric, certainly deserve praise, but I have not space here fully to deal with them. What is the general impression from the performance? That the playgoer and scholar will never see the play under more favourable circumstances.





MISS JULIE OPP AS PRINCESS PANNONIA IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY,"

ON TOUR WITH THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE COMPANY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



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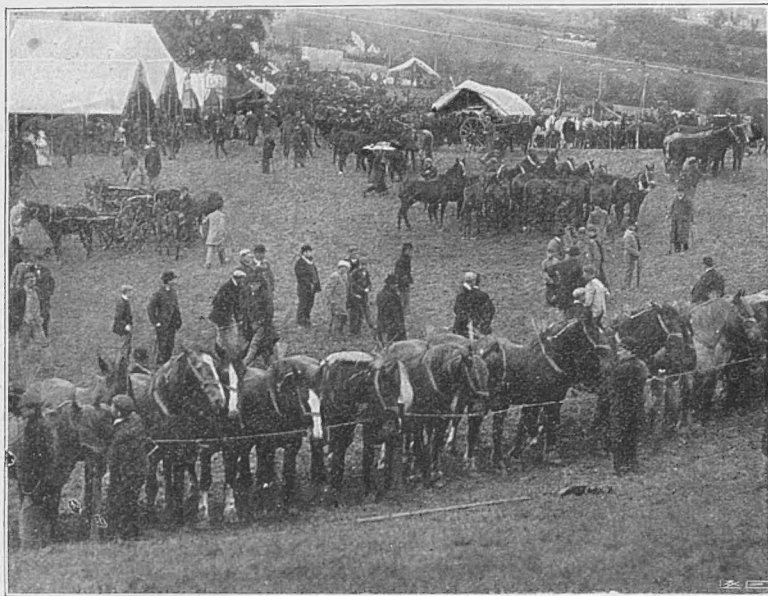
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## SMALL TALK.

King Henry II. of pious—or was it impious?—memory has a good many things to answer for. Among these is Barnet Fair, and, if the name of the great English king is perpetuated in no other way, the annual carnival at Barnet affords an opportunity to the jaded journalist for becoming historical which the said journalist seldom misses. This year the supply of cattle and horses at the fair showed very little if any diminution. Buyers, however, were scarcer, and prices, on the whole,



THE HORSE MART AT BARNET FAIR: WAITING FOR PURCHASERS.

Photo by the Standard Photo Company, Bouverie Street, E.C.

ruled low. The soundest advice to the would-be purchasers at Barnet Fair is—don't. Given half a pint of turpentine and three ounces of laudanum, and the veriest screw of a horse can be transformed into a first-class hunter who "will jump over a 'orspital," or a lamb-like steed to draw the homely plough—according to the requirements of the buyer. At the same time, those "who know" can pick up a really good bargain in horseflesh if they keep their wits about them, while there is always a brisk and fairly honest trade in the humble cow. But the vast majority of visitors to the fair care but little for business. For them the merry booths are a far greater attraction, and in the Aunt Sallies, the cocoanut shies, the roundabouts, and the swings, not to mention the grand circus, they find that happiness for which they crave. No self-respecting coster considers his day's outing complete without a modest supper at the wheel-stall. For the last two years, however, a rival attraction has sprung up in the British Women's Temperance Tent, where refreshments are dispensed by fair ladies, some of them so fair that the ubiquitous coster professes to recognise an old schoolfellow with whom he claims the privileges of ancient friendship.

The recent gale of the second and third September played havoc with the little yachting craft that lie about our river-mouths. At Burnham, in Essex, where the river Crouch is crowded with tiny yachts all the year round, half-a-dozen went ashore on the third, several went to the bottom, half-a-dozen lives were nearly lost, and one was unfortunately quite sacrificed. The amateur with a taste for yachting is all over Burnham, and has a merry time in summer, with a regatta thrown in at the end of August. By the way, the regatta is not the only thing thrown in. I was down at Burnham in regatta week, and one morning saw a man walking about the sea-front as though it belonged to him, staring scornfully at all who came "between the wind and his nobility." I could not fail to be duly impressed. The wind freshened during the day, and as I walked down the High Street toward evening, a curious figure raced past me, leaving a puddle to mark its progress. I stared; it was the once proud amateur yachtsman; he had tumbled from his high estate and tasted salt-water where the Crouch joins the sea. Now he was hurrying home to change, that he might live and not die, recollecting perhaps in the hour of his tribulation that pride comes before a fall. I am sorry to say that the sight of that draggled-tailed sportsman, once so fresh and now so limp, filled me with a deep and abiding sense of joy. I saw him on the following day, a modest man with troubled eye and downcast mien. His very clothes had suffered "a sea change," but it was for his benefit, and I am sure that he is now more bearable to his companions than he was in the days of his triumph before the boat lurched.

I saw, a few days ago, a book which every man who cares for sport regards with almost superstitious reverence; this was a copy of the second edition of Dame Juliana Berners' famous "Boke of St. Albans," a treatise on "Hawkyng, Huntynge, and Armorie," published somewhere about the end of the fifteenth century, and the first English book ever written on English sport—Twici's celebrated treatise, published in the first quarter of the fourteenth century, having been a translation from the French. The copy of the "Boke of St. Albans" I refer to had

changed hands once, about a hundred and sixty years ago, as testified by a note on the margin of the last page, for eighteenpence! About seventy years ago it brought some thirty-five guineas at auction. What the fortunate possessor who acquired it recently paid for the treasure I may not say, but I will undertake to stock a tolerably complete sporting library for the same money.

Dog-owners have been stung into print again by the fashion in which the Muzzling Order operates, and I look with the eye of scepticism upon newspaper correspondence in the Silly Season; but in this case I confess to sympathy with the writers of the letters and also with the magistrates who have to administer a regulation they know to be practically useless. A glaring example of the way the Order misses its praiseworthy mark comes from County Cork, where it is in force. The whole of the West Carbery pack, eighteen couple of hounds, have been shot, one hound having contracted dumb rabies from the bite of an ownerless cur. It is the old story: the animals which are carefully looked after and tended pay for the sins of those which in Ireland "know as little about a muzzle as their owners do about a bath." Mr. Aylmer Somerville, the Master who has thus lost his pack just when he was about to begin cub-hunting, will have the sympathy of every Master of Hounds in his misfortune; and, if any Master who reads this can spare a hound or two to help a very poor country in the formation of a new pack, I feel sure he will do so. Mr. Somerville's address is Drishane, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.

Policemen are only human, but I cannot help drawing a comparison between two dog cases which have come within my own knowledge in a week. In one a lady was summoned and fined for having a six-weeks-old puppy in her arms unmuzzled; not heavily fined, it is true, but the amount of the penalty is nothing beside the trouble and worry of compulsory attendance at a police-court. I don't suppose one London householder in fifty has any idea where the magistrate in his district holds his court. The other case was that of a St. Bernard which I met in Cromwell Road last Saturday week. He was unmuzzled, and never did mortal dog wear "Lost" writ larger in his carriage and the hang of his tail; but he was a big dog, a very big dog, and the constable whose attention I invited to the case opined that "he'd find his way home a' right." On the following Tuesday I saw notices in the shop-windows offering a reward for a lost St. Bernard.

Two funny advertisements recently appeared in Swiss newspapers. In the first an elderly "continent" desired a place as gardener, the applicant being something more than a mere "geographical expression," inasmuch as he had chosen the above name to show that he was a staunch temperance man. A praiseworthy fondness for animals actuated, I suppose, the second advertisement, wherein it was sought "to place with a Christian family" not a young servant-girl, but a donkey.

I am sorry to learn from the *World* that they have been having a bad season at Mürren. This is largely attributed to the Diamond Jubilee; it is probably due to the fact that fashion constantly changes in these

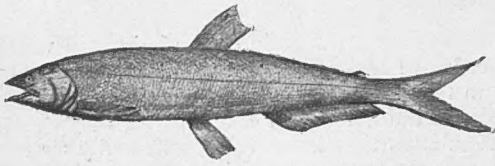


MÜRREN.

matters, and the most popular place of to-day is not run after to-morrow. I stayed last year at the Hotel des Alpes, and I have the pleasantest possible memories of admirable accommodation, beautiful scenery, and the most perfect mountain-air that one can wish for.



The spirit of Emerson in the inspired mood, which taught us the true inwardness of "Compensation," must have entered into the enterprising Yankee journalist (I apologise for the tautological epithet) who in the *New York Herald* of a recent Sunday dwells philosophically upon what his "scare-heads" describe as a Godsend to Needy. This, the same



THE CANDLE FISH.

Heat—Found in Great Shoals." The head-lines then come tardily to the point, and point a moral. "It will," they say, "no doubt save the lives of many thoughtless miners," like the pins in the boy's essay, we opine. One would pause to admire the fine journalistic instinct which inevitably finds the note of "actuality," and drags in the ever-present Klondyke, were it not that the marvels unfolded in the "story" of this little fish quite eclipse the scribe's preliminary ingenuity. Touching first on Alaska's lack of food and the dreary outlook for foolhardy miners, our Emersonian shows us how, in these extremities, "bountiful Nature" has provided ("taken a means to provide," is the original space-filling phrase), "in the shape of these fish," a source of light, heat, food, and even medicine.

This wonderful fish, discovered by the Behring Sea seal-fishers along the shores of Alaska and British Columbia, is of the smelt family. It is of a rich green on the back, variegated by a deep blue, while the abdomen is silvery white, "with golden reflections," these last, no doubt, of the eternal fitness of things, since the fish is sent by Providence to relieve the distress occasioned by golden lack of reflection. This point, however, our Emersonian missed. To continue. These fish "are so extremely fat that on being held up to the light they are almost transparent," the backbone being plainly visible. They are caught much in the same way as herring, and live for some time after being taken out of the water. In this they are more fortunate than the early Christians with whom (at least, with those shining lights at the Imperial pleasure-grounds of whom Juvenal says *fixo gutture fumant*) they have somewhat in common. For, when the Alaskan wants a light, he takes one of these fish, dried, sticks its tail into a crack in his rough wooden table, and lights its nose. The fish burns with a clear white light of three candle-power. A fairly large fish will burn three hours. The spine acts as wick, the fat as wax, to this piscine candle. The marvel does not end here. Nothing is lost, for, after burning out, the fish is cooked, and may be eaten! As a last virtue, if, indeed, this creature's properties are exhaustible, you can obtain from it a substitute for cod-liver oil by merely immersing the fish in cold water and squeezing



A NAPOLEON IN RUSSIAN SERVICE.

it. Up to the time of writing the scribe has squeezed his find no further than this, but I am not hopeless. It is easy to agree with him that "panic and starvation will be averted if only these fish can be got into Dawson City before the River Yukon is frozen." That "if" overcome, there is nothing that this little fish, which has virtues enough to warrant its being patented as a medicine, may not accomplish.

To a nation as demonstrative as the French, the affectionate Russian must be a Heaven-sent ally. Had the alliance been with a phlegmatic people, it would have lost much of its zest simply for lack of those warm demonstrations of regard which so well became Czar and President. The visit has been prolific in photographs of more than ordinary interest, because many of them were unconventional and unpremeditated; but, among all the graphic mementoes of M. Faure's tour, none will be regarded with greater curiosity in days to come than those which commemorate the amicable personal relations of the head of Republican France and the head of Autocratic Russia. "God upon earth," as the



THE CZAR AND M. FAURE: "VIVE L'ALLIANCE!"

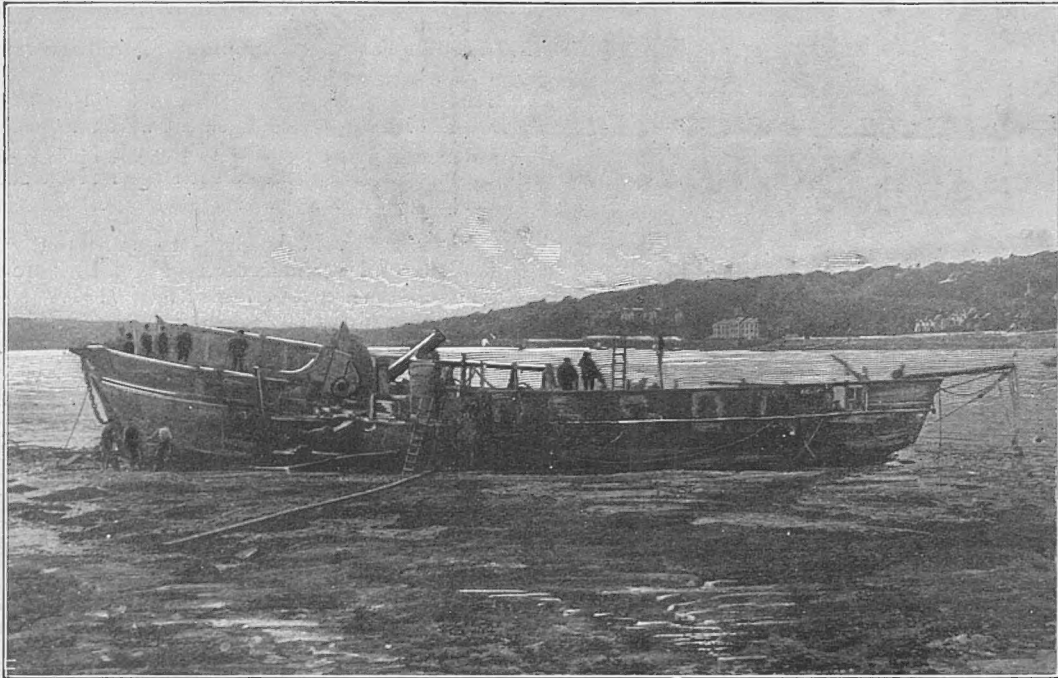
Russians call their Czar (they also call him "Little Father"), has been pleased to have his illustrious image handed down to posterity on the same negative as Félix the tanner. This still further emphasises the point I made last week, that the camera happily helps to bridge social chasms. And now that *la belle France* has welcomed her errant Félix back to her arms, she will be gratified (little Imperialiste that she is at heart) to have in her boudoir a picture of her venerable bourgeois chief and a real live Emperor laying their heads together. *Vive la Russie! Vive la France! Vive l'Alliance!*—as long as they and it continue to be pacific.

In describing the review at Krasnoe Selo, the French journals marked with considerable satisfaction the presence of a compatriot in the Russian Army. This gallant officer, whose fine bearing at the head of his regiment (the Empress's Lancers) attracted much favourable notice, has not only a gallant appearance to recommend him, but a historic name. He is, in fact, Colonel Louis Bonaparte, second son of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde. Excluded from the ranks of the French Army by an implacable political ostracism, Prince Louis could not (says one journal) have had a happier inspiration than that which led him to place his sword at the service of the friendly nation. Of political ambition he is entirely free. He has, however, a unique ambition—to remain simply what he is, an excellent soldier and a handsome cavalier.

Several of the newspaper correspondents who described the festivities in connection with President Faure's visit to the Czar and his people made particular mention of the exquisite toilettes worn by the ladies of the Court and the *grandes dames* of the Russian aristocracy who took part in the welcome. These superb creations of the modiste's art, according to one account, were distinctly French in their origin, and were worn as a subtle compliment by the Muscovite ladies to the great nation whose chief had come among them. That they were not only of French origin, but actually of French construction, may be readily believed, though it may not be so true to say they were specially created for the occasion and worn with the complimentary idea suggested. As a matter of fact, for some years past Russian ladies have been growing more enthusiastic every season about French fashions, and what the correspondents noted as particular to the late festivities might have been seen at any Society function latterly in the Russian capital. Indeed, in this respect they have been merely yielding to an influence which their American and English sisters have found equally irresistible. The Russian dames, of course, do not hurry to Paris in great crowds, as the Americans do, to taste the pleasures of shopping there for themselves, nor as English Society women have been doing to an increasing extent of late years. They prefer to do their shopping at home, and so compel the French milliners and modistes to come to them instead.



The wreck of the unhappy Queenstown lightship *Puffin*, which went down in a storm last October, has at last been beached at Rushbrooke, and lies there on the mud close to the docks. She is terribly knocked about. Almost the whole of her bottom is gone, and most of the machinery inside is carried away. The large anchor, which was lashed down near the bow of the ship, is minus its "flukes." These were found to have been cut off quite clean from the main portion of the anchor, as if with some very sharp instrument. The most universal opinion as to the cause of the *Puffin* foundering is that the rolling of the vessel caused the shrouds of the mast to give way, and that the mast, with its lamp and heavy iron cage, broke at its weakest part, near the entrance to the manhole, and crashed down upon the deck-house, breaking it in and leaving the vessel open to the tremendous seas rolling over her, which must have filled her in a very short time. No bodies were found in the *Puffin*. Part of a hammock belonging to a man called Regan was discovered. He was on shore the night of the disaster.

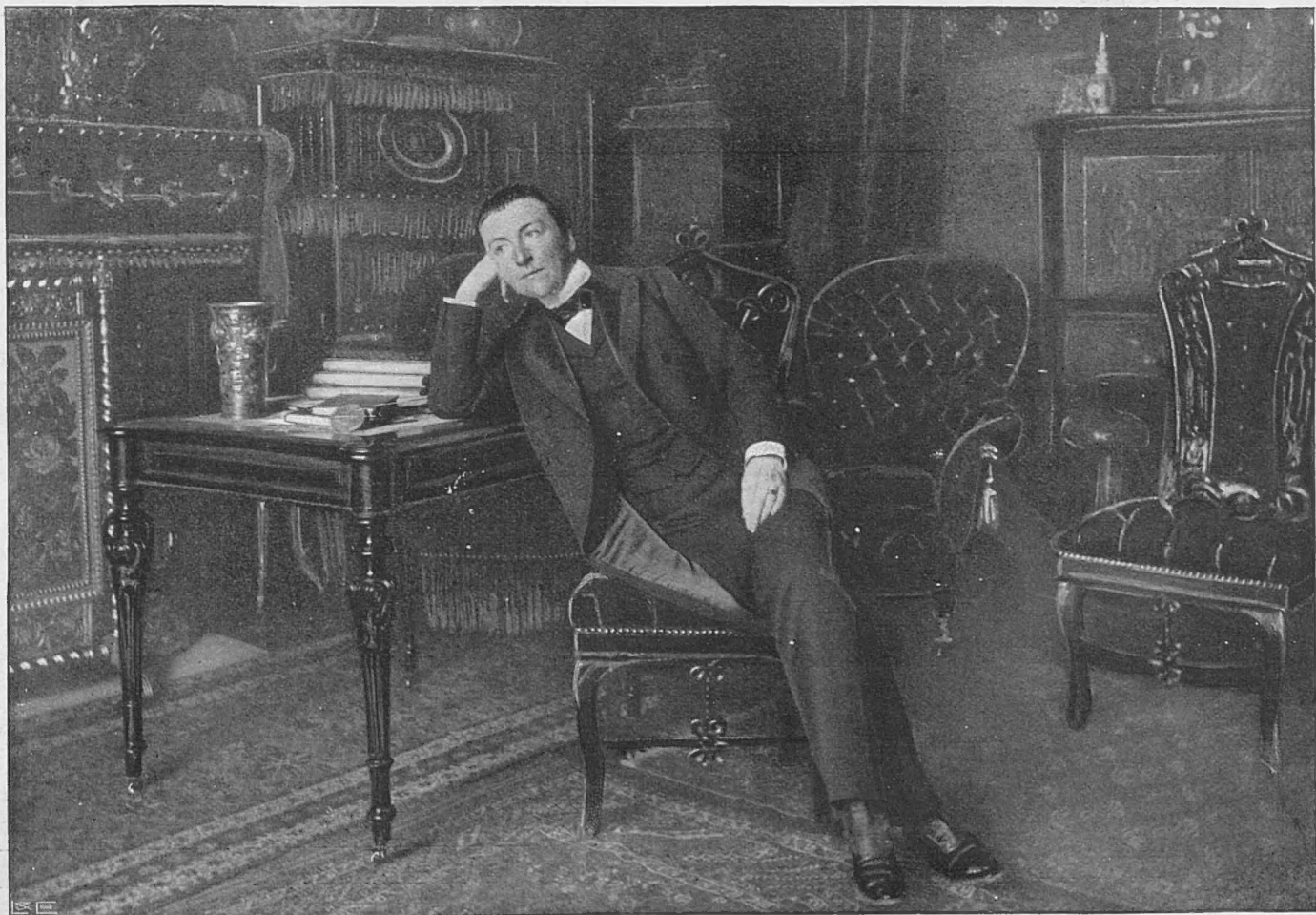


THE WRECKED LIGHTSHIP "PUFFIN," NOW BEACHED AT RUSHBROOKE.

When people go to the opera or theatre or the Salon in Paris, they sometimes see a small, well-dressed man, with a clean-shaven face and small feet and hands, and they sometimes think what a nice, refined-looking man; but never in the world do they suspect that this same fine-looking man is a woman, and one of the most famous in Paris. Madame Dieulafoy is one of the most celebrated of the world's archæologists, and has been of great service to the scientific world. She discovered the ruins of the Temple of Darius, which are now in the Louvre in Paris. For this great achievement the French Government decorated her with the order of the Legion of Honour, and gave her the right to wear men's

attire at all times. She is married, and her husband is most devoted to her, both having the same tailor. Their home is one of great luxury and refinement, and the two gather about them the *savants* of France, who are eager to pay homage to so learned and so remarkable a woman. Madame Dieulafoy's nature is not like her taste in dress, for she is entirely feminine in speech and manner, and still retains her womanly gestures and mannerisms, which appear a little odd with her fine tailor coats and trousers. She never wears woman's dress at any time, and her wardrobe is as perfect as the best-dressed of London swells. Her silk hat is the perfection of glossiness, her linen correct and immaculate, and her coats the latest cut. Her hair is short and arranged in a straight "bang" on the forehead, and her skin is fresh and rosy. When in the street with her husband she carries herself exactly like a man, and uses her walking-stick with great ease. One would never imagine her to be other than a small, well-dressed man; yet directly one is aware that she is a woman, it is easy to see that she has the little ways of her sex, and that her mannishness is only in her clothes.

The sudden death of Mr. David Powell in his fifty-eighth year came as a surprise to the City world. Mr. Powell will perhaps be best remembered as Governor of the Bank of England, where, in consequence of the illness of a colleague, he filled that important post for two consecutive years, and was its occupant in the year 1894, when the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street celebrated her bi-centenary. Mr. Powell, with his almost white hair, dark eyes, beard, and complexion, and tall, stalwart figure, was a very notable personality. He was a partner in a large firm of City merchants.

MADAME DIEULAFOY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DORNAC, PARIS.



I have been having a chat with one of the shining lights of Johannesburg, who has just returned to his native land, and he has told me of a curious condition of affairs in the Transvaal. So far as I can recollect, I will quote his own words: "Things are apparently quiet, but scarce a day passes without bringing some rumour to create an upset: at one moment an English speech, at another some statement from



THE PLAY SCENE IN "HAMLET" EARLY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

Pretoria. These rumours are often the veriest *canards*, yet they never fail to obtain a credence, however momentary. They upset business, create excitement on 'Change, and before the agitation has died away there comes along another, possibly more startling. We are in a condition of never knowing what is going to happen next and always fearing a catastrophe of some sort. The inevitable result is that business is in a bad way, confidence is scarce, and all affairs out there seem likely to be worse before they are better. The clash of party interests and the rivalry of State factions are also prominent factors in the existing condition of unrest." It is impossible, under present circumstances, to withhold a tribute of praise from Paul Kruger, who, with so much to do and so many opposing interests to reconcile, manages to remain friends with everybody who has to serve him, and to keep his many enemies quiet. From the remarks made by men who know nearly all the moves on the chess-board of Anglo-African politics, I cannot help thinking that, when the history of these years comes to be written truly and without fear, Kruger will inspire the respect of many who now regard him as being little better than a nonentity. He is probably one of the keenest and most acute of diplomats, for how else could he restrain English aspirations on the one hand and the thoughtless wishes of his own countrymen on the other? He understands everybody, knows how far to trust people, where he can go, and where he must stop.

An interesting archaeological discovery has been made in Paris during the process of excavation for drainage purposes, the workmen having brought to light part of the wall erected by the once famous monarch Philip Augustus. On these ruins was afterwards built a chapel devoted to the Knights of the Order of Notre Dame de la Rédemption des Captifs, an order founded in 1218 at Barcelona, conducted under Augustinian rules, and occupied solely with the ransoming and succour of mediæval prisoners of war. And now Barcelona is the headquarters of the Spanish Anarchists.

Productions of "Hamlet" in earlier days—the days when but scant regard was shown for the proprieties in the matter of dress, and the art of stage-management was in its infancy—were often unconsciously humorous. Witness the oddity of costume and pose in the old print which I reproduce, showing the murder of the King, with Claudius, in a carefully curled and powdered and ribbon-tied mid-eighteenth-century wig, pouring the poison from a half-ounce phial into the ear of the tranquilly sleeping King—a young gentleman of seven-and-twenty or so, who yet, we remember, has a son of nineteen or twenty, and, if his ghost is to be accepted as his veritable *Doppelgänger*, a beard "sable-silvered." The Queen wears an Elizabethan collar and hooped skirt.

But these anachronisms are less surprising when we remember that even Garrick played Macbeth in an embroidered green coat, ruffles, scarlet waistcoat and breeches, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, and a huge wig, and that Quin's Othello was arrayed in a uniform of British scarlet and gold, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, and a small cocked-hat.

The other old illustration is of a period half a century or so later, and more care has been taken, the most palpable absurdity being the little corkscrew curls of Hamlet's wig. Perhaps the actor intended to convey the tortuous state of the inside of Hamlet's brain by the appearance of the outside, much as Ross used to wear a wig in the part with one half carefully curled and the other half dishevelled, presumably to indicate that Hamlet was only half mad, or, as he put it, mad "north-north-west." It is also worth noticing that, in the Play Scene, Hamlet sits toe to toe with the King, an arrangement which must have stultified much of the now recognised business of the part, and rendered some of it—such as the sidelong crawl across the stage and the sudden leap of triumph and defiance—impossible.

While Mr. Forbes-Robertson was putting the finishing touches on his Hamlet, I was meandering about Elsinore (writes a friend of mine), where the melancholy Dane lived and loved so long ago. The little town on the north-east of Zealand has blossomed into a fashionable sanatorium, with a magnificent railway station and hotels. And yet it retains much of its romance which the daring feat of Nelson and the story of Hamlet will always keep alive for English folk. It was this that prompted me to the musing mood as follows—

The island rises from the sea,  
Which ripples gently to its door,  
And forests of the tapered tree  
Above the emerald waters soar,  
While there upon the farther shore  
The glistening green of Sweden peeps.  
This is the storied Elsinore  
Where Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, sleeps.  
And here, 'mid streets and spacious quay,  
And hostels trim from roof to floor,  
The castle, braving Time's decree,  
Invites the tourist to explore.  
No vengeful ghost with visage hoar  
Comes forth, although a sentry keeps  
A sleepless watch in peace and war  
Where Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, sleeps.  
The ships of Vikings, roving free,  
That spread their daring sails of yore,  
And boldly held the world in fee,  
Will leave their eyrie never more.  
The steamer sweeps the strait that bore  
Our Nelson from the distant deeps.  
And yet the spot is loved in lore  
Where Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, sleeps.

#### ENVOY.

Prince, now To-day as Heretofore  
Man, fretting, fuming, sows—and reaps,  
But Time, that must his fate ignore,  
Remembers only this—"He Sleeps."



THE PLAY SCENE IN "HAMLET" IN THE LAST CENTURY.



Mrs. Willie Temple, who is one of the founders of the Ladies' Kennel Association, is as devoted to black Pomeranians as her husband is to Chows (he, by the way, is the Hon. Sec. of the Chow Club), and the brace, Funnyboy and Lika Joko, whose portraits have recently been taken with their mistress, are well known to frequenters of all the



MRS. W. R. TEMPLE, WITH FUNNYBOY AND LIKA JOKO.  
Photo by Treble, Belgravia

more important dog shows, as well as through being her ornamental companions in Society. Funnyboy, who was bred by his fair owner, is by the famous Pretty Boy II. and Marie. He was born on Sept. 13, 1895. His personality is as attractive as his form, and he is, in all his moods and emotions, a typical Pomeranian. The same words apply to his companion Lika Joko, who was bred by Mr. Hobbs from Nigger and Negress; the date of his birth is July 24, 1893. Both are the winners of many firsts and special prizes.

Copenhagen (writes one of my colleagues from the Danish capital) has been rejoicing over the eightieth birthday of its wonderful Queen. Princess Charles of Denmark came from Sandringham to join in the festivities, and the Dowager Czarina arrived early in her magnificent double-funnelled yacht, which has attracted many sightseers to the famous Free Harbour. I myself crossed the North Sea in the steamer *N. J. Fjord*, and I could wish for nothing better. It is a new vessel, built for the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen by a German-named firm at Renfrew, and sails between Parkeston Quay, at Harwich, and Esbjerg, on the coast of Jutland. If I had known that the journey to Copenhagen was so varied, I should have been there before. The vessel was so steady that it might have been a painted ship upon a painted ocean. The friendliness of the officials on board—Danes, I think, are a frank people—and the excellence of the board, made the time fly, and in four-and-twenty hours we were in Esbjerg Harbour. From that we crossed Jutland by rail, then ferried the Little Belt to Fiume, and once again the monotony of railway travelling was broken by the fine sail across the Big Belt, during which we all dined lavishly at extraordinarily cheap rates. From Korsor, on the coast of Zealand, to Copenhagen was only a two hours' spin, and I arrived at my destination not a bit tired.

I found that the pretty Dagmar Theatre has adopted a programme scheme that puts London managers to the blush. I was in a peculiar mood to appreciate it, because I have lately been binding up my play-bills into volumes, supplementing each with contemporary pictures of the play, portraits of the author, or chief actor, and so on. Looking back on these play-bills, I find them painfully deficient. I want to know about the playwright—not about the man who supplied the wigs, the furniture, the engravings in the foyer, the electric light, or the bottled stout supplied at the exorbitant bar. The Dagmar Theatre management does not impose any of these superfluous horrors on the audience. It issues at ten ore (one penny) a sixteen-page octavo booklet for every

performance, called *Mellem-Akten*, which is equivalent to *entr'acte*. Of course, it has advertisements, but, over and above that, each number contains a mass of interesting matter in reference to the particular play. I was present at the opening performance of the season, namely, Henrik Hertz's "Emma." This is the centenary of Hertz's birth, and a poem in his honour, from the pen of Dr. Ernst v. d. Reeke, was printed in the programme and recited by Miss Rosenberg when the curtain rose. Then there was a little account of when "Emma" was written, a portrait of the lady (Augusta Blad) who represented Emma, a plan of the theatre, a list of the plays to be given during the season (including pieces by Strindberg, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Drachmanns, Brandes, and de Vegas), and other items.

Two nights later I saw the production of Mrs. Mathilda Malling's first play, "Fru Leonora." Mrs. Malling is a brilliant young writer whose Napoleonic novel, "The First Consul," has been a great success in Scandinavia, and will shortly be issued by Mr. Heinemann. *Mellem-Akten* for this performance contained an autobiographic letter from Mrs. Malling (in which she calmly stated that she was born in 1864), her portrait, and a critique of her novels by the editor. That makes a programme worth while buying and keeping. These are the details that the playgoer likes to know, while the silly facts on our English programmes about the wig-maker and the furniture supplier are of value only to theatrical managers. *The Sketch* might as well tell you who supplies its paper, ink, and type. Some of our managers talk a great deal about their improvements. I wish they would borrow the hint from this little Danish theatre. I may add that the acting of the Dagmar company is remarkably good, and the mounting of the two plays I saw was as clever and as sufficient as anything I have seen in London.

I think Danish sparrows are cheekier than our English ones. When we were two or three hundred miles off the West of Jutland, two tiny little chaps came aboard and hopped merrily about the deck, hanging about the cook's quarters for preference. They would approach within six feet of one. In an outside restaurant at the Free Harbour the birds were extraordinarily daring. One of them actually pecked bread out of my hand, when I stretched my arm at full length, and they hopped about on the adjoining tables as if these were twigs.

The New Woman is making her way slowly but surely into all the professions and into every field of work. The latest novelty in London is a lady auctioneer. Not that Miss Ada Hammond is at all a novice



MISS ADA HAMMOND.  
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

at the work: she has been an auctioneer for nine years. Born in Cheltenham, she has held sales in provincial towns in many parts of the country, but her late sale at Myddelton Hall was her first in London. Miss Hammond is full of enthusiasm for her profession, in which she has met with great success.



Miss Mary Jerrold, whose portrait I give here, is, although English by birth and breeding, much better known to the American than to the English public. She made her first appearance on the stage, in April of last year, at the matinée production of Mr. W. R. Walkes's comedy, "Mary Pennington, Spinster," at the St. James's Theatre. On this occasion she was fortunate enough to gain the commendation not only of the London Press generally, but of two newspapers so diverse in their attitude to the contemporary stage as the *Daily Telegraph* and the *World*. When "Mary Pennington, Spinster," was secured by Miss Georgia Cayvan, the well-known American actress, for her recent tour in the States, Miss Jerrold was engaged for her original part of Prudence Dering, and again achieved an instant and complete success. One New York newspaper wrote of her that "the unexpected happened when an unknown actress made a hit of astounding proportions," and another said that it was "a long time since so unusual a piece of comedy work has been seen." Later on, in the course of her tour with Miss Cayvan, Miss Jerrold appeared as Kitty Blair in "Goblin Castle," and Hetty Thorpe in "Squire Kate," and proved as successful in these as in her former impersonations. At the end of her tour with Miss Cayvan other offers of engagements in America were, of course, forthcoming, but Miss Jerrold preferred to return to England, where she will, no doubt, soon obtain an opening. Students of the laws of heredity will be interested to know that Miss Jerrold comes of a good artistic stock, as she is a great-granddaughter of Douglas Jerrold, and a granddaughter of Henry Mayhew, who was one of the founders of *Punch* and a well-known writer of a bygone generation.

I take the following paragraph from the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*—

It is somewhat amusing to find the attempts that are being made by somewhat Anglicised Irish Roman Catholics in London to deny the accuracy of a photograph of Saalrueck Graveyard, near Leenane, in Connemara, taken by Mr. Welch, of Belfast, and published in *The Sketch*. In the photograph a number of graves are seen lavishly decorated with clay pipes—a custom suggestive of Chinese or Red Indians. The London correspondent of the *Daily Independent* says there is a feeling among many of the Irish in London "that the graves were decorated with the pipes by the photographer himself, who wished to produce some spicy West of Ireland barbarism for English consumption." We are sorry for the ignorance of the correspondent. There are few tourists who have stopped at Mr. McKeown's excellent hotel at Leenane who have not seen the remarkable churchyard in question. Anyone who knows Mr. Welch will laugh at the absurdity of the suggestion that he carried pipes to the graves. We believe there are specimens of the pipes in the museum at Cambridge, and we could tell some of the London correspondents that there are still more remarkable—we might even say sensational—sights to be seen in some of the graveyards of County Galway.

From this it will be seen that the two photographs which I published of Saalrueck Graveyard in Connemara have created quite a flutter. The *Belfast Telegraph*, which is evidently an ultra-Protestant paper, considers that the habit of putting pipes on the graves is worthy of Chinese or Red Indians, and the Roman Catholics evidently think that it is a reflection on some of their co-religionists. *The Sketch*, of course, cares for none of these things, and when I was in Connemara the thing impressed me as a very picturesque relic of old-world habits. Protestants and Romanists alike who wish to bandy words with one another have got plenty of superstitions of their own, and it would be better if they could, in some respects, emulate the simplicity of mind of these poor people of Connemara, who retain thus pathetically a feeling of comradeship with their dead friends.

So much for the *Belfast Telegraph*. As for the Roman Catholics who wish to repudiate the thing, and suggest that it is a made-up affair, they may take my word for it that it is thoroughly genuine.

"I am not thinking of the land," said Sir Vavasour Firebrace in "Sybil" to a young member of Sir Robert Peel's party, whom he had buttonholed, "but of something much more important. I am speaking," added Sir Vavasour in a solemn voice, "I am speaking of the baronets." Then the young man was treated to a lament on "the long-withheld rights" of the baronets, the badge, the white hat with white plumes, the dark-green costume, the collar of S.S., the star, the pennon, the belt, the gilt spurs, the coronet of two balls. The young politician was overwhelmed, and he left the bore still descanting on "this great question, which, after all, is the question of the day."

During the last few days the columns of the *Times* and the *Morning Post* would have been besieged by Sir Vavasour had he still lived. But

Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, with a name quite up to the post, has taken his place. The grievance now is the precedence over baronets just accorded (at the instance, I hear, of Lord Morris) to the sons of Legal Life-Peers. This grant of royal favour to some forty persons is regarded by the self-constituted spokesman of the baronets as "the abominable confiscation of which the present Government have been guilty." Sir Vavasour could not have bettered the phrase, and the only pity is that Lord Beaconsfield is not here to smile over it. The bulk of the baronetage prays, no doubt, to be delivered from its Champions.

I hear that Lloyd's are establishing a new signal station at the Scotch Head, Whitby, whence it will be easy to discern the name of every passing vessel, and thus to telegraph on useful particulars.



MISS MARY JERROLD.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



The first dog in England the portrait of which was taken in bas-relief is "Monty" (short for Montague), a splendid sable-and-white collie owned by Mr. Justin Chevasse, the well-known private detective. Monty is one of the progeny of the celebrated Eclipse, who was the property of Mr. G. R. Krehl, of the *Stock-keeper*. Mr. Krehl was offered a thousand pounds by the German Emperor for this dog, but the offer was refused. Mr. Chevasse has had many big offers for Monty, but nothing will tempt him to part with his dog, who has been his faithful friend and companion for nine years; his great affection for his dog also prevents him from exhibiting him at any show. Monty is very intelligent and most obedient to his master, and, strange to say, is of great service to him in his profession.

The reward which moralists find inherent in virtue may in some cases be a delicate euphemism for the non-recognition of merit. At the best, it is a passive blessing, about which the modest man must say nothing. He may glow with the satisfaction of duty well done, but he cannot, without unseemly self-revelation, go to his friends and acquaintance saying, like the woman of Holy Writ, "Rejoice with me." So that virtue as its own reward has but a limited field for exercise, and it is not until a third agent, whom the first agent's virtue has benefited or pleased, offers public acknowledgment of the same that the reward can be fully enjoyed. The members of the Fourth Estate

satisfaction with appreciation of their work, journalists, like ordinary mortals, think it not robbery to wax a little jubilant. So when, at the close of the Viceregal Garden-party on Aug. 27, Lord Cadogan took the Pressmen aside and in the friendliest manner thanked them for the

admirable way in which they had made known the proceedings of the royal visit to Ireland, the journalists and artists felt that, while virtue must indeed always be its own reward, the reward was much pleasanter when it was rescued from latency by the Viceroy's kind words. The Fourth Estate had need again for its proudest blushes on the Sunday following, at Llandaff, when the Dean of St. Davids, in the course of a special sermon, reminded the Institute of Journalists that, while the Press had told us much of the progress of the world during the last six decades, regarding its own tremendous advance it had been silent—a double testimony to modesty and merit.

In the numerous Press allusions to the article on duelling in the current number of the *Cornhill*, the statement, to which *The Sketch* made reference the other week, that the duel between Sir Alexander Boswell, the

son of Johnson's biographer, and Mr. James Stuart of Dunearn was the last encounter of that character in Scotland, has, curiously enough, passed unchallenged. It is, all the same, incorrect; for nine years after that event two notable editors in the northern capital—Charles Maclaren,



MR. JUSTIN CHEVASSE'S COLLIE, MONTY.

Photo by Taber, Dover Street, W.



THE CHRONICLERS OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: A GROUP OF ARTISTS AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

are usually content with the secret pleasure arising from a modest consciousness of duty done and duty doing. They do not trouble about recognition. Nevertheless, when public acknowledgment from one in authority makes it possible for them, without offence, to show their

of the *Scotsman*, and James Browne, author of a History of the Highlands, and at the time editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, settled their difficulties by arbitrament of arms, though in the duel neither combatant happily came by much harm.



One of the best "turns" to be seen at the Palace Theatre is that of the "Whirlwind Dancers"—Mr. and Mrs. de Foreest. Light o' foot, agile and graceful, they are both all that dancers should be, added to which they give a purely original entertainment, opening with an American ball-room scene and ending with a dance of "toughs"—"tough" corresponding to our "coster"—the terpsichorean revels indulged in at the Bowery. *Place aux dames* brings Mrs. de Foreest first to our notice. Before her marriage she was known as Pearl Sharp, a clever actress and dancer, though for the last five years she has been working on the speciality with her husband. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, but does not own to native parentage, and left the Mormon city when five years of age to live in Richmond, Indiana. Five years later she began her successes on the amateur stage, playing light parts and singing and dancing in comic operas, and so good were her performances with local companies that, when she was fifteen, she was persuaded to adopt the stage as her profession, and made her debut with the Pike Opera Company as Yum-Yum in "The Mikado," later on running the whole gamut of the leading parts in Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Mr. Tom de Foreest is a New Yorker, and, though always fond of things theatrical, is a professional accountant, even though he began his stage career when only five years of age. He met his wife at a Bal Masqué, admired her dancing, and, procuring an introduction, very soon realised the possibility of a *spécialité à deux*, and they soon worked up the nucleus of their present show.

Mr. Charles Warner's appearances in London the last year or two have been chiefly in revivals of "Drink," in which his famous impersonation of Coupeau is as thrilling as ever. Mr. Warner was seen in the rôle at the Princess's in the summer of last year, and now he is about to follow a tremendously successful starring engagement at Mrs. Sara Lane's theatre, the Britannia, with another at Mr. George Conquest's popular house, the Surrey. Mr. Warner returned invigorated a few months ago from a long holiday in Italy and the Riviera. I, for my part, should like to see him "create" some new character, as he often did during his long spells at the Adelphi and the Princess's.

Miss Frances Earle, the second La Favorita in "The Circus Girl," at the Gaiety Theatre, is already well known in the provinces as a clever comedy actress as well as a dancer and singer, though she made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, only in 1893, as the Plaintiff in "Trial by Jury," under the management of Messrs. Howard and Wyndham. From there she was engaged by Miss Cissy Grahame to play Violet in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and since has played in "The Late Lamented," "Truthful James," and many other plays.



MISS FRANCES EARLE.  
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"The Gaiety Girl" was her first inroad into light opera, but so successful was she in it that she has since been in great request for singing parts, and last year made her London debut in "On the March," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Miss Earle is a native of Newcastle,

and, having received a thorough musical education from her mother, she was originally intended for the concert platform. Miss Earle is also a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.

We ought to have scenes at Klondyke in some important melodrama before long. Meanwhile, the Americans are promised both a strong drama dealing with the gold craze and a burlesque on the subject, called "A Trip to Klondyke." For the nonce we here have to content



THE "WHIRLWIND DANCERS."  
Photo by Glines, Boston.

ourselves with a play entitled "The Gold Slave: a Story of Klondyke." Perhaps by next spring or autumn Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton, or Messrs. Sims and Shirley, or Messrs. Landeck and Vane, will have treated the theme picturesquely and in detail.

With the close of the Sussex campaign the Army Manœuvres came to an end for the season. It is satisfactory to learn that, despite the persistent disparagement of our Army by many home and foreign critics of late, the troops showed both dash and endurance in the face of very hard work and the most trying weather, and their marching powers could not have been surpassed by any other army. Some pictures of the Manœuvres are given elsewhere in this issue, one of the best being that of the Seaforths. This is the 2nd Battalion of that famous regiment—the old 78th Ross-shire Buffs. The 1st Battalion is at present stationed in Crete, and, considering that the 2nd Battalion, on its recent return from India, left four hundred seasoned men with the 1st Battalion, it is surprising the Buffs make such a fine show. It was to the 2nd Battalion that General Havelock exclaimed at Cawnpore, "Well done, 78th; you shall be my own regiment!" Their gallantry during the Mutiny was so conspicuous that the troops turned out to salute them at every place they subsequently entered. By the way, Tommy Atkins's readiness of wit was shown by his nicknaming the brigade to which the Seaforths belonged during the late Manœuvres the "Domesticated Brigade," because, wherever they went, they took their "Par" and "Mar" with them, Colonel Parr being the brigadier and Surgeon-Major Maher the chief medical officer.

Some surprise has been expressed at the number of Lee-Metford and Martini rifles in the possession of the rebellious tribes of the North-West frontier of India. The *Globe* points out that our troops lose about fifty rifles yearly stolen by the Afridis. I was talking the other day with an old sergeant-major who has spent many years in India, and he told me that, in spite of double sentries and the soldiers sleeping with their carbines under their pillows, his regiment was continually losing weapons while on the frontier, the natives creeping in during the night, stark naked, and with bodies so covered with grease that when one was detected it was almost impossible to hold him. If an unfortunate soldier stirred while his carbine was being abstracted, a blow from a keen knife effectually quieted him.





For when the lock doth fall & fill,  
With gate-checked ebb & flow.

THE OLD LOCK.

DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.



## THE RETURN OF MRS. BROWN-POTTER AND MR. BELLEW.

Ten years ago—on March 29, 1887, to be precise—a young and beautiful American woman made her first appearance on the stage, at the Haymarket Theatre, as Anne Sylvester in "Man and Wife." The actress, even then, convinced her audience by her earnestness, and gave good promise for the future. Encouraged by the kindly praise of the Press, she migrated to the Gaiety, where she was seen in two plays, "Civil War" and "Loyal Love." Unfortunately for her art, Mrs. Brown-Potter was tempted to return to the United States, and she made her American debut six months after she had first acted in England. This was not the surest means to success, for acting cannot always be perfected by travelling as a "star," as Mrs. Potter did at this period, adding, in two years, such characters as Juliet, Pauline, Kate Hardcastle, Cleopatra, and Camille to her original repertoire. When she first appeared in London, the leading critics recognised not only her beauty of face and her refinement of manner, but her ability—crude, but evident—as an actress. If she had remained in London, she would have ingratiated herself with the public and achieved a recognised position in her adopted profession which would have stood her in good stead elsewhere. Her career in America was not strewn with roses, but she persevered in her determination to obtain a high place on the stage. In March 1890 she commenced her first tour of Australia, where she made a conspicuous success as Floria Tosca and as Camille, thus standing the inevitable test of comparison with



MR. KYRLE BELLEW.

*Photo by H. Walter Barnett, Fall's Studios, Melbourne.*

Sarah Bernhardt, and coming out of the ordeal triumphantly. Her acting in the "torture" scene in "La Tosca" and the pathos and delicacy of her interpretation of Marguerite Gautier will long be remembered by Australian playgoers. A tour in India and China preceded a second fitful London season, and it was a pity that Mrs. Potter was not seen in a stronger play and in a more suitable part than was the case at the Shaftesbury. But "Hero and Leander" failed, and London was once more deserted in favour of America. Mrs. Potter added some modern characters, including Francillon, to her list, and made a remarkable hit as Charlotte Corday. As a result of her previous success in Australia, a second engagement was accepted, and sixteen months ago Mrs. Potter left San Francisco for Sydney. This was the real turning-point in her career, for it strengthened her in that confidence in herself which she has always possessed. She was received with enthusiasm on all sides, Sydney once more greeting her with the applause which an Australian audience bestows so heartily on its favourites, while Melbourne, which had formerly been disposed to be somewhat critical, completely surrendered itself to her charms and accomplishments. Brisbane and Adelaide endorsed the general verdict, and the actress swept all before her in New Zealand. In short, the engagement was extended from sixteen to fifty-six weeks—the best possible proof of its complete success. She was particularly admired for her Juliet, her Rosalind, and her acting in such classical comedies as "She Stoops to Conquer" and



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS LADY TEAZLE.

*Photo by Talma, Melbourne.*

MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS KATE HARDCASTLE.

*Photo by Talma, Melbourne.*



"The School for Scandal," while Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," vied with the popularity of her Charlotte Corday. So great was her individual success in "Francillon," and so great was the faith which the play inspired in Mr. J. C. Williamson, that the forthcoming appearance of Mrs. Potter at the Duke of York's (London) Theatre was arranged before the actress left Australia. Mr. Williamson and Mr. George Musgrove—the latter member of the firm being in London—decided that an actress who could achieve such a reputation, and make so much money, in Australia, ought to have a very good chance in London, so "Francillon" was decided upon for the opening play, and the Shaftesbury Theatre was secured. But Mr. Musgrove had not then read the play. Upon doing so, and in deference to the wishes of Mrs. Potter, who prefers a smaller house than the Shaftesbury, he decided that the Duke of York's Theatre, which he was also able to secure, was better suited to the piece. Hence the change.

Mrs. Potter will make her reappearance in London in conjunction, of course, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who has been associated with her for the past ten years—in fact, ever since her Gaiety season in 1887, save for the brief period of his engagement at the Adelphi in the leading rôle of "The Lights of Home." While being thus enabled to appear before the public constantly, and in characters congenial to him, Mr. Bellew has, of necessity, been obliged to remain out of London far too long. Although his performance in the short-lived "Hero and Leander" has no very prominent place in the memory of the playgoing public, his Orlando and his Young Marlow, not to mention his Corréze in "Moths," are still delightful recollections to the theatre-goer of sixteen years ago. Mr. Bellew is gifted by nature for the portrayal of romantic characters. His Romeo is the best on the stage, and, be it remembered, he is not only specially adapted so far as face, figure, and voice are concerned for such parts, but he is an experienced actor who has learned his business in the best school of acting. His training stands him in good stead when he comes to the portrayal of "character" parts, such as Scarpia in "La Tosca," and Marat in "Charlotte Corday."

"Francillon," it may be noted, is in three acts, and, as there is only one scene—a salon—Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove will have an exceptional opportunity for showing Londoners how they are accustomed to mount plays in Australia. The comedy was produced at the Théâtre Français on January 17, 1887, with Mmes. Bartet and Pierson and M. Febre in the principal parts. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew will be supported by Messrs. John Beauchamp, Arthur Elwood, Charles Thursby, Ernest Elton, and Sydney Brough, and by Miss Grace Noble and Miss Vane (Mrs. Charles Sugden). The costumes worn by Mrs. Potter and Miss Vane have been specially made for this season by Worth.

## THEATRICAL ITEMS.

"When Greek Meets Greek" was the title given by Mr. Joseph Hatton to one of his novels, since dramatised; the more topical name, "Turk Meets Greek," has been bestowed on a new play dealing with very modern history, lately brought out in San Francisco. The author, Mr. Francis Powers, fills the part of his hero, the Crown Prince Constantine of Greece; the battle of Pharsalia and the Prince's resignation, owing to the clamour of the Athenian populace, being the chief sensations in the drama, which is further embellished with picturesque scenery and frequent appearances of the but slightly modernised Chorus of the ancient Greek drama. Smolensky is one of the characters introduced.

Modern dramatists and their medical advisers seem to be on very good terms. At any rate, when the doctor appears on the stage he has on his best Harley Street manner, evidently patronises a tailor in the West End, and shows skill and social qualities beyond reproach. What Shakspeare thought of the medical fraternity it is very hard to say; if he employed them at all it was at home rather than at the theatre. He makes Macbeth throw physic to the dogs, and if Molière had got his way he would have thrown the physicians after it. Molière hated the medical faculty as much as he disliked his rivals; he never missed an opportunity of parodying, satirising, caricaturing, and deriding them. There has just appeared from the Cotton Press a very learned study by Dr. Brown of "Molière and his Medical Associations," showing how the great French dramatist came by his ideas of medicine. Molière lived over two hundred years ago, when medicine was merely a system of tradition and superstition. In his day, two rival Parisian schools fought over



MRS. BROWN-POTTER IN "FRANCILLON."

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

patients, the school that bled and the school that purged. Molière himself had been the centre of much medical bickering, and made use of his experience in writing his plays. He proved medicine to be a fraud in some points, and concluded it was wrong in all, especially as they could give him no cure for consumption, from which disease he died. Molière, unlike Shakspeare, made his characters speak out his personal feelings.

I see that Mr. Albert Gilmer is about to return to his great success, "Two Little Vagabonds," and that we are promised a revival with the original cast. So far as melodrama is concerned, I want nothing better, for the play gives plenty of variety and a sustained interest. There are moments of every kind—you can laugh or you can cry—and there is some very clever character-sketching in the book. I shall look forward with pleasure to meeting Dick and Wally once again impersonated by Miss Kate Tyndall and Miss Sydney Fairbrother.



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

I am glad to think that the traditional Ghost in "Hamlet" is not yet upset by the heresy of Mr. Alfred Calmour. Mr. Calmour holds that, instead of the spectral and cadaverous majesty of buried Denmark, we ought to see "a fine, manly fellow," not much the worse for purgatorial flames, with a flexible voice, not the "basso-profundo" which freezes his son's blood. Mr. Calmour is misled, I fancy, by Hamlet's rhapsody about his father—Hyperion, the front of Jove himself, and so forth. Hamlet *père* must have been a dignified and rather elderly gentleman, who took his nap in the orchard of an afternoon. He lays great emphasis on his dignity, which he never forgot even in his love-making. That is why Gertrude grew rather bored. Claudius, no doubt, was the "fine, manly fellow" in her eyes; he did not swathe himself in oppressive dignity; and I daresay he told her amusing stories every afternoon when her husband was asleep. It is quite possible that Hamlet's father snored in the orchard, for even the most dignified person, when sleeping with his mouth open, will make grotesque noises. Probably the artful Claudius made great fun of this; besides, Hamlet was not at hand to suggest to his mother that when the front of Jove snores, the sound is like celestial thunder. Hyperion to a satyr may have been a very just contrast between the brothers on general grounds; but when one of them was snoring under a tree, and the other was whispering malicious pleasantries into his sister-in-law's ear, Gertrude may be forgiven for having failed to detect the classic comparison.

Still, when Hamlet's father becomes the Ghost, with all his offences (snoring included) in process of being "burnt and purged away," his dignity is quite properly overwhelming. Moreover, he was a spectre before the lamentable decadence of the ghostly world. If he flourished now, he would ring bells and play other antics in the dead of the night, and his apologists would explain that such behaviour was due to the irrepressible frivolity of the lower ghostly nature, what time the upper was solemnly stalking on the platform at Elsinore. Imagine Hamlet's state of mind if the Ghost had set the castle bells ringing, and the furniture dancing, or had engaged in a vulgar romp with the terrified maid-servants! If there were no other reason for Mr. Forbes-Robertson's revival of "Hamlet," the necessity of retrieving the dignity of ghosts in general by vividly portraying to us the sublimest of the race would still be paramount. I regret that Mr. Calmour does not see the matter in this light. His "fine, manly" Ghost would be sadly incongruous. If you are to inspire respect for the supernatural, you must observe the rigorous conservatism of its traditions; otherwise you might as well have an athletic Ghost, a Sadow Ghost, and similar outrages on the incorporeal. I am cheered by the reflection that Mr. Ian Robertson is as solemn and unsubstantial an apparition as the most old-fashioned ghost-seer could desire.

The best Ghost of our time was the late Thomas Mead. I made his acquaintance many years ago at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, of which he was then manager. The occasion was peculiar. I sat through a performance of "The Lady of Lyons," with Mead as Colonel Damas, "to strengthen the cast," as the play-bill said. Play-bills now are less *naïve* in the assertion of the manager's superiority. When the curtain fell I went behind the scenes and offered to join the company. Mead looked me up and down, and said, in his deep voice, "You've the figure for it." Long afterwards I reminded him of this; but he did not seem to regret that the opportunities of my "figure" had been wasted. On the stage his memory was sometimes uncertain, and this failing has been celebrated in anecdote. His Witch in the Lyceum "Macbeth" was splendid, but he had a habit of saying "dragoon's blood" instead of "baboon's blood." Requested to correct this reading, he walked about the dressing-room one evening, muttering, "Season it with a drag—no, bab—season it with a bag—no, baboon's blood." When the line came in the scene, his voice rolled round the theatre this astonishing piece of Shakspeare, "Season it with a dragoon's blood—said it again, by God!" Another time, he was a priest in a new play. Priest or ghost, or anything that was venerable or uncanny, he had "the figure for it" in a rarely equalled degree. His entrance held the house breathless; but he had clean forgotten his first line. The prompter made no sign, and Mead walked round the stage, deepening the interest of the audience with every stride. At last, perceiving that something must be said, he approached the footlights, and exclaimed, "Here I am!" It was sufficiently obvious, and yet everybody sat awestruck.

I thought it was pretty generally admitted that tragedy often springs from the ironical burden laid by fate on a temperament quite unfitted to bear it—that Hamlet, for instance, irresolute and meditative, is the wrong person to be charged with the task of avenging his father's murder, and that Ophelia, absolutely innocent of evil, is caught in the web of circumstance and done to death. Mr. Saintsbury is of a different opinion. He says in *Blackwood's* that, in real tragedy, it is the "doer" who suffers, and that justice is always satisfied. What is the justice of Ophelia's death? She goes mad and drowns herself because her lover has killed her father. What shadow of blame rests on her? Very wisely, Mr. Saintsbury does not argue this case; but he would have us believe that retribution overtook Desdemona, because Brabantio says to Othello, "She has deceived her father, and may thee." Then every young woman who marries her lover without her father's consent deserves to be smothered by a jealous husband! That is the conclusion of Mr. Saintsbury's logic, and he must surely see that the retribution is monstrously out of proportion to the offence. Then what has Othello done that he should be hurled upon murder and suicide? "His happiness is wrecked and his nobleness rendered criminal," says Mr. Saintsbury, "by his admission of the enemy Jealousy." "Admission," indeed! As if it rested with a man of passionate nature, unused to guile, to decide coolly, in the presence of evidence made conclusive to his simple mind by damnable treason, whether he shall admit jealousy or not!

Mr. Saintsbury does not perceive that what Othello suffers for is the good, not the bad, in him, for his simplicity and openness. He is devoid of any quality that would enable him to cope with the devilry of Iago. Nay, Shakspeare has so contrived this tragedy that Iago deceives everybody, man and woman, except Emilia, and she is terrorised. The play illustrates the complete triumph of evil, for, although Iago is punished in the end, death is nothing to him, compared to the triumph of his malignity. Every conceivable precaution is taken to make the course of events, great or small, subserve the purpose of villainy. If Othello had been less honest, he would have suspected the craft of his adviser. He is urged to his own undoing by his inexperience of malice, and by the fate which throws him across the path of a consummate scoundrel. What is the justice of this? Mr. Saintsbury avoids the complications of "Hamlet," and no wonder, for it would be difficult to impute crime to a man who shirks the supernaturally imposed duty of avenging one murder by another. Hamlet suffers for one moment's hesitation. If he had finished off Claudius, when he found the king at prayers, Ophelia would have been saved from the brook, Gertrude from the poisoned goblet, Hamlet himself from the sword of Laertes, Laertes from the same weapon, and Polonius would not have been mistaken for a rat. But Claudius was praying, and Hamlet "admitted" the doubt whether there might not be a relish of salvation in this proceeding, which would make the king comfortable in the next world if his soul were sent there with an unfinished petition. Was this doubt criminal? If not, why talk about retribution upon Hamlet?

I suppose we shall go on settling these questions of fate and free-will according to our individual temperaments. Shakspeare handled them with a breadth which his admirers do not always suspect, and with a presentiment of some modern theories which are shocking to the optimist. I respect the discretion of the commentator who classifies Shakspeare's tragedies with the remark that they belong to his period of unrest and gloom, and who invites us to dwell on the beautiful serenity of the "Tempest," which was written near the end of his life. It is as if the playwright began to be happy when he saw the imminent prospect of becoming the Warwickshire squire! It is as if the poet felt himself transformed to the magician in the "Tempest," controlling storms and drunken men, and therefore indifferent to the problems that used to distract him! Any trick of fancy is good enough for the critic who would like to have us believe that Shakspeare went through pessimism like a baby through the measles. But if he lived now, and produced "Hamlet" or "Othello" at the Lyceum, he would be more furiously assailed by the optimists than Ibsen.

From fate to epitaphs is a suitable transition. Mr. Aubrey Stewart has compiled an entertaining volume of "English Epigrams and Epitaphs." Philosophic modesty culminates in an inscription on a New Jersey tombstone—

Reader, pass on, don't waste your time  
On bad biography and bitter rhyme;  
For what I am this crumbling clay insures,  
And what I was is no affair of yours.

If we could all rise to this height of austerity!

THE STARTLED DEER.

*Photographs by Charles Reid, Wishaw.*





## THE YELLOW-TAILS OF CALIFORNIA.

Boys fond of reading such books as "Carbine Charlie; or, The Lad with the Shrivelled Hand," commonly suppose that the Western States of America still consist of vast prairies teeming with Indians, if not with cannibals, and that Colorado and California, in particular, harbour hordes of desperadoes and villains, morally of the blackest type, to say nothing of dare-devil cowboys, filibusters, and buccaneers bent upon plunder and bloodshed. A visit to California, however, would soon regulate the minds of these imaginative youths. Indeed, the appearance of such well-appointed cities as Sacramento and San Francisco, of such fashionable seaside resorts as Los Angeles and Coronado, as Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, and San Diego, would remind them very forcibly of Leeds, for instance, also of the prosaic Manchester, of the latter-day Brighton, Hastings, St. Leonards, or Eastbourne, rather than of the homes of rough-riders and red-shirted buffalo-hunters, such as they are represented as being by the favourite authors of "The Boy's Library of Fiction."

Thoughts to the above effect were flitting across my mind as I slowly smoked cigarettes and crawled about the lovely gardens of the Del Monte Hotel, near Monterey in California, upon an absolutely perfect morning, a few months ago, when, as an Irish reporter said of slippers at a certain wedding, "the sun suddenly became obscured by myriads of flying objects which proved to be—" upon this occasion gulls and sea-birds of infinite variety. Wheeling round and round in the air, uttering shrill screams clearly audible where I stood, though the birds themselves were fully a mile away, anon swooping down or darting down upon the blue water in the little bay, upon which the sun shone with dazzling brilliancy, they quickly attracted the attention of everybody in the neighbourhood of the hotel.

"Guess there's quite a crowd of yellow-tails right there, anyhow," my companion said, shading his eyes and "prospecting" the distant scene of excitement with the air of a connoisseur. "Guess we'll go to them right now," he added, flipping into the air the stump of a pungent-smelling Habana; "so come along, friend."

And we went.

Twenty minutes later we were pushing off from the shore, supplied with stout lines, to each of which was attached a yard or so of flexible copper wire, in lieu of gut, with hooks larger than the largest salmon-hook ever seen in Scotland or in Norway, and with an amount of bait—split fish, resembling split mackerel—apparently sufficient to entice every creature swimming within a radius of four or five miles.

"Be careful when they bite," said the elder of the two boatmen accompanying us, as he flung a baited and weighted hook over the side, and placed the line in my friend's hand; "they bite quick, and they catch hold a bit—these yellow-tails."

The words had barely passed his lips when a terrific tug at the line

in question caused my American friend to "turn turtle," and come with a bang on to the flat of his back in the bottom of the boat, smashing his pipe as he did so into half-a-dozen fragments. By some means, too, the line had become twisted round his wrist, and but for the presence of mind of the boatman facing him, who, pouncing forward, quickly released the entangled member, which was being jerked about spasmodically under the seat and almost pulled out of the socket, serious injury might have been the lamentable result of a ludicrous mishap. But, a moment later, my friend had recovered his equilibrium, his temper, and his seat, and was firmly grasping the line with both hands, though to obtain this firm hold without having a thick cloth wound round his wrists would not have been possible. After tugging for nearly five minutes,

and at intervals uttering ejaculations better left out of print, he succeeded, to his undisguised astonishment, in bringing the fish alongside the boat. And an immense fellow he proved himself to be, scaling no less than thirty-three and a-half pounds, the heaviest of all the fish that we caught during the rest of the day. Resembling a salmon in shape, his back and sides were, oddly enough, absolutely smooth, instead of being scaly. Having gaffed him, brought him on board, and slain him with the business end of a small axe provided for the purpose, our boatman again baited the hooks and sank the line as before. This time some ten minutes elapsed before another fish of the sort condescended to try his luck with either of our lines, though hardly a minute passed without our seeing an immense yellow-tail dragged up by "sportsmen" in one or other of the boats, which had gradually all come together, and now bore an absurd resemblance to a miniature fleet. Sometimes a yellow-tail more obstreperous than his fellows, or possibly possessing more "grit," would savagely snap at his captor's fingers, and one or two of these pugnacious customers succeeded only too well in their attempts to retaliate.

Inquiries as to the true name and genus of the great fish, called by the inhabitants of California "yellow-tails," proved useless. "Yellow-tails" we always call them," the native fishermen said.

"Guess they've not any other mode of address in these parts, anyhow." Evidently they had not, any more than the small species of duck called in California and in Colorado "butter-balls," "dart-arrows," and so forth. These colloquial terms are tiresome enough, for they do not convey any sort of meaning to the stranger, who, as a rule, is therefore unable accurately to classify the creature, be it beast, bird, or fish. As for the "sport" obtained by fishing for yellow-tails, such a thing practically does not exist. The cockney "sportsman" may think it "sport" to fling a baited hook over the side of a rowing-boat and to pull up enormously heavy fish at the rate of eight or ten an hour; but there is about as much genuine sport connected with the proceeding as there is in connection with shooting gulls off Flamborough Head upon the August Bank Holiday, or, for that matter, at any time. Still, as a novelty the experience is an amusing one, and calculated to create an immense amount of fun and laughter.

B. T.



A MEMORY.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

## EARLY BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The splendid room at the British Museum, built to receive the library of King George III., for at least some years after its completion in 1828 was left with no other furniture than the book-cases along the walls, and its fine appearance in engravings of this period has caused many lovers of architecture to regret that it could not be left so still. At the time



FROM THE "ARS MORIENDI" BLOCK-BOOK, c. 1450.

of the Great Exhibition, however, Panizzi arranged a large number of interesting books in show-cases along the length of the great room, and this, as far as we know, was the beginning of the permanent exhibition of the chief treasures of the Department of Printed Books, which, enriched from time to time by fresh additions, has ever since remained on view in the King's Library. The main object of this exhibition has always been to illustrate the early history of printing by specimens of the masterpieces of the art produced in the various countries of Europe during the fifteenth century and the early years of its successor, and the Trustees of the Museum have now availed themselves of the facilities offered by the modern processes of photographic reproduction to publish a portfolio of facsimiles which, at a very moderate price, brings all that is most interesting in the exhibition within the reach of any student of early printing who cares to possess it. Admirably executed by Mr. W. Griggs, these thirty-two plates will form a useful accompaniment to any history of printing, while the descriptive notes by which they are prefaced epitomise, with official caution, all that is known with certainty about the books illustrated and the printers by whom they were produced.

The facsimiles begin with two of the most famous block-books, the "Ars Moriendi" and "Biblia Pauperum," in which the letterpress, as well as the illustrations, was cut on a solid piece of wood, and an impression taken by inking the block, laying a sheet of blank paper over it, and then rubbing the back of the paper with a dabber. It is usual to assign these books to quite early in the fifteenth century, but there is no authentic evidence to support this, and the "about 1450" here hazarded as the date is probably quite early enough. Printing with movable types was then just struggling into existence, and the next two plates are devoted to examples of the two printed editions of the Letters of Indulgence granted by Pope Nicholas V. to all who should contribute to the expense of the war against the Turks. These Letters of Indulgence were printed at Mentz for Paulinus Chappe, the Proctor-General of the King of Cyprus, in 1454-55, and are the earliest printed documents of which the date can be fixed. But the splendid Latin Bible, from which a page is shown in Plate V., must by that time have already been nearing completion, since we know that a copy of it had passed through the hands of an illuminator by August 1456, and it is with this fine work that the great monuments of early printing may be said to begin. Following upon it we have the even more famous Mentz Psalter of 1457, with its fine initial letters, and another Latin Bible, printed in 1462, both by Fust and Schœffer. The pages reproduced from all these three books are

bright with blues and reds, and in the 1462 Bible the traces are carefully preserved of the touch of yellow paint with which every printed capital was laboriously picked out. Plate VIII. shows one of the illustrated books printed by Gintner Zainer at Augsburg, Plate IX. a curious advertisement of the great Nuremberg publisher, Anton Koberger, who, having brought out in 1479 an edition in four volumes of the "Summa Theologica" of St. Antonino, sent his travellers all over Germany with this placard, which announces that anyone betaking himself to the "undermentioned inn" (for whose name a blank is left to be filled up in manuscript), would find there a good-natured salesman. The last German book from which a page is shown is the "Tewrdannekh" of 1517, a long-winded poem in honour of the Emperor Maximilian, at whose expense it was printed on vellum, with rather monotonous illustrations and wonderful flourishes to some of the letters, which at one time caused it to be doubted whether the book was not printed from blocks.

The plates devoted to Italian books illustrate the work of Sweynheym, and Pannartz, who set up the first press at Subiaco, just outside Rome, of the famous Jenson, and of Erhard Ratdolt, the Augsburg printer who, during his stay at Venice, decorated his books with such handsome borders. Besides these, we have the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" (from the press of Aldus, but paid for by a certain Leonardo Crasso, who probably deserves most of the credit for it), the Aldine Virgil of 1501, in which italics were first used, and a specimen of the charming illustrated books printed at Florence. France is represented by the earliest books printed at Paris and at Lyons, by the fine Abbeville edition of the "Cité de Dieu" (the page reproduced from which shows a spirited picture of a judicial combat), by one of the English books printed in Paris at a time when our home presses were very unenterprising, and by two pages from one of the finest of Pigouchet's Books of Hours. From Holland we have a fragment of an early Dutch edition of a "Doctrinale," or rhyming grammar, to which it pleases some historians of printing to assign an impossibly early date; also a page with a cut from that amusing book, the "Dyalogus Creaturarum," with its curious beast stories and jingling proverbs. Plate XXIII. is taken from a book printed at Bruges by Colard Mansion, the partner of Caxton, and the remaining nine plates are patriotically devoted to the books printed by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, Machlinia, and the printers of Oxford and St. Albans. The interest of these plates has been a little discounted by the previous appearance of Mr. Gordon Duff's portfolio of facsimiles of "Early



**S**V nell'ultima piaggia io era giuto  
& qñ pla strada io mouea el passo  
scotai Cupido el qñ mbauea trapu  
Nò però mai che migidasse ad basso (to  
timor didio & uergogna del mondo  
mitennon ritto come quadro fallo  
Trouai aduque lui uaghecto & biondo  
di cui belta negliatri uerfi scripsi  
che mai si bello fu ne si giocondo  
Ma hora ueggio ben che falso dixi  
che gli e crudele bruto et pic di tofco  
chi ben rimira lui co gliocchi fixi  
Quando miuidde egli fuggi in u bosco  
che era iui presso oue nulla era frondi  
ma era smorto secco & tutto fosco  
Perche Cupido da me tinafcondi  
chiamaua io forte drieto seguitando  
perche tu fuggi perche non rispondi  
lo son colui che te co uetui quando  
lenympe mimonstraffi & laua dura  
& sempre stetti preffo al tuo comando  
Dimonstra latua faccia bella & pura  
allhor uoltroffi & era si traualto  
che quando eluidi mi misse paura  
Egli era smorto & gliocchi bruti eluolto  
& fu nel capo negro hauea duo corni  
egli adu hauea pazzechi come stolto

Allhor fuggi da me come buo ch scorni  
collarco i mano & cogli obscuro dardi  
ne credo che piu ad me giamai ritomi  
Ladea ad me se questo amor riguarda  
egli e cosa infermale & chi lo cuopre  
conosce imodi suoi falsi & bugiardi  
Chiamato e el fote dio nel modo sopre  
da quegli stolti che sol guardan fuore  
all'apparenza che spesso eluer cuopre  
Ma perche sappi ben che cosa e amore  
sappi che amore e presente dilecto  
o uer futur piacer che spera elcore  
Et questo puo hauea triplice obietto  
primo e utilita qual se si toglie  
manca lamor challutil facea aspetto  
Laltro amor uero ad cui leuerdi foglie  
non secca tempo o loco che sta fermo  
ad ogni caso che fortuna uoglie  
Et non e lusinghieri in ad o fermo  
& co lamico sta costante et uiuo  
quado e in aduersita pouero o i fermo  
Et questo uero amore el qual descriuo  
sichiamia uirtuoso o uer honesto  
theforo a imortali celeste et diuo  
Elterzo amor chio dico doppo questo  
piacer concupibile si chiama  
che sol dal corporal disio e defto

Chesofa  
camore

FROM THE "QUATRIREGIO" OF FREZZI, PRINTED AT FLORENCE, 1508.

English Printing," but it was right that English work should be duly represented in a book published by the Trustees of the British Museum. Taken as a whole, this series of facsimiles can hardly fail to be of use to students of early printing, while the uninitiated may gain from them in an hour a very fair acquaintance with the history of the art in its golden age.





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CHANCE COMPANIONS.—J. C. DODMAN, R.I.  
EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The two dog pictures which are reproduced herewith are of most interesting quality. They have the absolute naturalism which should belong to all animal pictures, and without which there is always a

he describes one of their number as showing "unswerving devotion to American ideas." One rather wonders, indeed, what American ideas in sculpture may be; but in the long list of examples which are given along with the article, those ideas, though excellent in themselves, are evidently the ideas of art which have always prevailed all the world over, in Italy as well as elsewhere.



"I HEAR A VOICE": ST. BERNARD CHAMPION FRANDLEY STEPHANIE.—MAUDE EARL.  
Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall. The Property of Mrs. S. Jagger

spurious element, either of caricature or of human expression, which does not in any sense belong ever to the animal kingdom. The St. Bernard is a splendid specimen of its kind, standing with neck outstretched, a type of noble vigour and of strength. The bloodhound champions, though not so attractive, perhaps, or so sympathetic in appearance—and this because of the very realism with which they are presented—are no less powerfully conceived and drawn, with their bodies tense with excitement and quivering with vitality.

It is astonishing to find how extremely well, for a very low price, they turn out illustrated work in America. The number to hand of the *Illustrated American*, for example, which is published at ten cents, is not only distinguished by excellent letterpress, but also by really masterly illustrations. This latter characteristic is chiefly remarkable in connection with the growth of an American school of sculpture which deserves to receive some publicity also on this side of the Atlantic.

It is noted then that there is now a considerable and constantly growing group of men who, by their work and influence, are creating a genuine American school of sculpture. The sculptors whose work has been chiefly known in the past of American art were trained for the most part in Italy, and such men as Powers and Greenough spent, indeed, the greater portion of their professional careers there. The new men are now, however, engaged over their work in their native country, although one does not quite understand Mr. R. Wilson, the writer of the paper, when

must beware of exaggeration. It is true that he appreciates with considerable fulness the nature of Mr. Sinton's talent; but he should not say that that artist, though he "is not a Watts or a Leighton"—I regret to say that he adds "or a Poynter"—is, nevertheless, "as classical as any one of them, as poetical, and as true."



TRACKING—AT FAULT: BLOODHOUNDS CHAMPION BARBAROSSA AND BRUNHILDA.—MAUDE EARL.  
Exhibited at the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall. The Property of Mr. Edwin Brough.



## CHURCH ROW, HAMPSTEAD.

*Photographs by Bunnett.*

Some years ago a popular writer on London began his article on Church Row, Hampstead, with the happy reflection that there, and almost only there, the hand of the "restorer" and "improver" had not been at



OLD HAMPSTEAD CHURCH.

work. That sacrilegious hand, however, if tardy, is sure, and at last it threatens Church Row; worse, it is not to stop at "restoration" and "improvement." These being, of course, obviously impossible, the intention is ruthlessly to sweep away one of the most interesting and charming streets of northern London, to make room for—be it spoken with a shudder—"residential flats." But Church Row lies too near the heart of literary London to be yielded without a struggle. Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie has appropriately led the protest, which must find support wherever Hampstead's literary traditions are known and loved. The houses in Church Row have come down to us unchanged from the time of Queen Anne; they are the finest existing specimens of their kind. But not only for its architectural attractions are we unwilling to lose Church Row; the place is alive with memories of an older society of famous people who lived, walked, and visited here. Church Row used to be the fashionable evening parade in Anne's and in George's day for the quality, who made Hampstead a health resort and frequented its chalybeate spring. There one would have seen Dr. Sherlock and Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Anthony Askew, and there can be little doubt that Dr. Johnson also walked in Church Row when he stayed a few months in Hampstead for Mrs. Johnson's health. Among the certain traditions of residence in the Row itself, the most prominent names are those of Mrs. Barbauld and her niece Lucy Aikin, Park, the author of "The History of Hampstead," Henry Fuseli, R.A., and another

artist, J. R. Herbert. With Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Aikin many greater names are associated. Their near neighbour was Joanna Baillie, at whose house Walter Scott used to visit. She received also Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Crabbe, and many others whose names are great in mouths of wisest censure. Mrs. Barbauld, too, enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, who envied her the authorship of "Life, we've been long together." She took up her residence in Church Row in 1785, when her husband had been appointed minister of a small Dissenting congregation at Hampstead. The greater part of her literary work was already done, but from Church Row came her "Evenings At Home," in which she collaborated with her brother, Dr. Aikin. Fraternal jealousy for his sister's literary reputation, or, perhaps, a dislike of inactivity, induced Dr. Aikin to prescribe further effort. He thought his sister was doing too little, and the result of his admonition was the "Poetical Epistle" to Mr. Wilberforce.

The ivy-covered Parish Church of Hampstead which stands at the bottom of the Row to which it gives a name dates from 1747, and stands on the site of a pre-Reformation Chapel of St. Mary. The present building is often erroneously spoken of as belonging to the period of Anne, but no part of it is really older than the reign of George II. At Hampstead Parish Church Joanna Baillie was a regular attender, and in its churchyard she was at length laid to rest. She was not, however, a bigoted Churchwoman, for Mrs. Barbauld mentions her as coming to Mr. Barbauld's meeting, all the while with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line. This somewhat curious remark is in reference to Mrs. Barbauld's ultimate discovery of the identity of this innocent-faced young lady of Hampstead with the authoress of "De Montfort." Mrs. Barbauld had read and enjoyed the tragedy without in the least suspecting that it had been written by a near neighbour. One wonders, are the literary secrets of Hampstead as closely kept to-day?

In those days the young authors of Church Row were certainly diffident. One of them, the historian of Hampstead, was even slightly contemptuous of his literary work. Mr. Park's valuable history was published before he came of age, and the author's opinion of his production may be gathered from his curious preface. Striding on deliciously old-fashioned stilts, he says, with a solemnity comical in a youth, "The severer studies of an arduous profession now call upon me to bid a final adieu to those literary blandishments which beguiled my youthful days." This from scarce one-and-twenty is delightful.

Miss Lucy Aikin first came to Church Row on the death of her father, in 1822, at Stoke Newington, from which she and her mother removed to be near Mrs. Barbauld. It was during her first residence here that she published her "Memoir of Addison," which Macaulay praised so highly. The memoir appeared in 1843, and next year Miss Aikin removed from Hampstead, residing during the next seven years first in London and then in Wimbledon. She returned again, however, to her old love, Hampstead, where she spent the last twelve years of her life. Her return to the northern heights gave her great pleasure. Here she enjoyed the society of many dear friends and relatives. Among her acquaintances she counted almost every distinguished writer of her time. During these later years Harriet Martineau was a frequent visitor. In January 1864 Miss Aikin passed away, and was buried beside her friend Joanna Baillie in Hampstead Churchyard. Such memories and associations as these exalt the movement for the preservation of Church Row from the realm of mere sentiment to that of sacred duty.



CHURCH ROW, HAMPSTEAD.

## A YOUNG NOVELIST WHO HAS "ARRIVED."

A CHAT WITH MR. H. G. WELLS.

"Shall we get it over?" Mr. Wells lighted a long clay pipe as he made the suggestion. "I will tell you anything you want to know; but don't, please, go putting in parenthetical compliments about me or my wife."

I promised to resist the temptation to be complimentary to himself or his household, and asked him the orthodox questions about his age—which is thirty-one—and his career.

"I have always had a desire to write, even as a youngster, though my earliest ambition was to be a humorous draughtsman. When I was shop-assistant in a draper's I used to write in the evenings—discussions with myself on religious matters chiefly. In those days I was a voracious reader, which is half the making of a writing-man."

"I was fifteen when I was apprenticed to the draper, but two years' experience sickened me of that life. I secured the cancelling of my indenture, and became a junior master in a school, and subsequently a scholar at the Royal College of Science. This was a very stimulating place for me. There was a tremendous lot of discussion, and I learnt something from almost every student I came in contact with. We started a students' magazine, and I was its first editor and staff. Altogether, Kensington did immense things for me, and, paradoxical as it seems—egotistical too, perhaps—I'm convinced that a scientific education is the best possible training for literary work. Criticism is the essence of science, and the critical habit of mind an essential to artistic performance."

"If I have a critical faculty, it was developed during the year that I had at Comparative Anatomy. As Huxley taught it, Comparative Anatomy was really elaborate criticism of form, and literary criticism is little more."

"When I left the college I became science master in a private school. The principal knew the editor of *Education*, and ran his own school magazine, and he revived ambitions that I had almost abandoned. I wrote for these two papers, and made spasmodic attempts at drawing and fiction."

"I took my science degree at London University in 1890, with first-class honours in zoology, and on the strength of it devoted myself to 'coaching.' At the same time I edited a monthly called the *University Correspondent*, wrote a text-book of biology, and did a lot of other hack literary work, but beyond that I hadn't a gleam of success. A popular paper refused a novelette that I wrote, and I determined to abandon the lowest rung and make a jump at the top of the ladder. I sent an article to the *Fortnightly Review*, which was accepted, and I then went the usual round. Four years ago my health broke down, and I had to abandon coaching. I was forced to get my living somehow, and writing offered the only means. Henley helped me, as he has helped so many others, and I became a regular contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, and *Nature*. Two years ago I gave up journalism to write books."

"I have two books coming out this autumn. One is a collection of essays, written two or three years ago. It is called, 'A Collection of Material, Mainly Autobiographical.'"

"I suppose it is a collection of humorous papers?"

"That hardly expresses it. No doubt, in places there is a certain facetious endeavour apparent; but I should be sorry if the book were taken simply as a facetious volume, as, although the papers were written at different times and on different themes, collectively they present a single attitude towards a number of the greater issues of life."

"My second book I call 'The Invisible Man.' The leading idea, which has already been used by Mr. Gilbert in one of the 'Bab Ballads,' is that a man is able to make his living tissues invisible. But this invisibility, being not a magic quality, but the result, as I have shown, of certain applications of the science of optics, does not extend to his clothing, to any dirt that may descend upon him, or to his food before it is assimilated. The story consists in the realistic treatment of this leading idea, the experimenter being represented as an extremely egotistical and irritable person."

"Is there any scientific foundation for the story that you are publishing in *Pearson's Magazine*?"

"Well, 'The War of the Worlds' is the story of a possibility. Like 'The Invisible Man,' it is a piece of realism. It may seem incredible to a large number of people not familiar with the ascertained facts about Mars and its relation to the earth; but to anyone acquainted with the possibilities modern science opens out it will, I am afraid, seem only very sober fiction indeed. If ever anything of the sort did happen, it would probably be a great deal worse than anything I have imagined in that story."

"Do you not think of doing anything more in the vein of 'The Wheels of Chance'?"

"I have had a novel of commonplace people in hand for some time, and I continue to work at it intermittently. It is called 'Love and Mr. Lewisham.' But I shall probably not finish it for some considerable time, as I am also working at a romance of the immediate future, somewhat on the lines of Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward.'"

"A political Utopia—?"

"By no means. The story is rather a horoscope. I hope to finish it by the end of the year, but it has taken me from the beginning of May until now to do half. I have given my time entirely to it, but I find myself getting more and more anxious about the quality of my work, and I was never a quick worker, except under pressure of stern necessity."

Then we drifted into general talk, and Mr. Wells enthused about cycling, and talked of most things in heaven and earth. Mr. Wells is a great believer in the educational value of the bicycle. It will, he thinks, work the greatest social revolution of the century, no less than "the aëration of the narrow-thinking, timid-living respectable class. Young people of that sort that never went abroad in other than genteel, tidy garments, and never conversed with others than those in their immediate circle of friends, have been suddenly whirled out and abroad, beyond the range of what the neighbours think—hot, dusty, dirty, taken into the communæ of the public-house, borrowing spanners from unknown strangers. And, for the young hobbledoys of the cities and villages, the cheap second-hand cranking machine is health, adventure, the antidote of loafing. To clerk and shopman especially, whose hours of labour have forbidden them cricket and football, cycling almost amounts to a restoration of manhood." I have heard of a journalist who lately visited Worcester Park to interview Mr. Wells, and spent seven hours in conversation with his victim, but completely forgot the object of his journey until running for the midnight train, when he suddenly asked, "By-the-bye, where were you born?" I can understand it.

## THE PITY OF IT!

I have often (writes a correspondent) remonstrated with the English seaside place, pointed out its many failings, more in anger than in sorrow, and because of these failings conferred the pleasure of my company upon it

at few seasons of the year. My complaint, when it has been publicly expressed, has never failed to awaken a responsive echo in many a reader's breast, for I write the truth when I say that the English seaside place is being slowly but surely ruined by the proprietors of hotels and apartments. Friends of mine are constantly telling me at this season of the year that they have come from a Continental holiday, costing less than half the sum they would have paid in England, and being twice as enjoyable. The French and Belgian summer resorts have found an enormous increase in their English patronage during the past few years. They give a visitor excellent hotel accommodation, with food well served and cooked, for ten shillings a-day, or even less, while the fashionable English seaside hotel will make you pay more than a pound a-day for food and accommodation not so good. Add to this the comparison between the English watering-place and its Continental cousin, the dullness of the one, the gaiety of the other, and the attraction to the single man becomes very apparent. A happy family party may perhaps survive even the terrors of the English seaside place, but when one or even two or three people take holiday, the latter-day tendency is to leave the English coast severely alone. This change will not perhaps be felt at once, for it is coming very slowly, albeit very surely, and, unless the people who control seaside establishments take counsel among themselves, the day is not far distant when their patrons will desert them for brighter and cheaper places. The writing is upon the wall; if the modern Belshazzar of the seaside hotel will cease from his feast of lawless charges and see into the future, my paragraph is not written in vain.



MR. H. G. WELLS.

Photo by Frank Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.



## THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN SUSSEX.

*Photographs by Gregory, Strand.*

ARMY SERVICE CORPS AND ORDNANCE STORE CORPS.



MARCHING TO THE CAMP.

THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN SUSSEX

*Photographs by Gregory, Strand.*



SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.



WAITING FOR THE PALAVER.



## GREATER NEW YORK AND ITS FIRST MAYOR.

In January next New York will jump over the head of Paris and take its place next to London as the second largest city in the world. This is an important event, and the proud New Yorkers are duly preparing themselves to cope with it.



MR. SETH LOW.

Photo by Rockwood, New York.

Rightly speaking, the American metropolis has never received its proper due as a populous city. By all the laws which go to make up the cities of the world, that is, by the accumulation of people and property around one common centre, New York has long been the second city in point of size and importance; and, if her population were counted as London's is, taking in suburbs that extend for many miles on either side of the Thames, she would press the English metropolis closely for supremacy. Hitherto she has been too self-contained. She has shut herself up in that narrow strip of land running between the East and Hudson rivers, and refused to consider the populous suburbs of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Long Island City, Staten Island, and many others, not so far off as Streatham or Dulwich from the City of London, as part of her integral whole. It is as if

London had kept herself to the confines of the City proper, and ignored the existence of the adjoining parishes. Father Knickerbocker has been too modest in the past. No wonder his long, thin shanks have that cramped and shrunken appearance which the caricaturists love to depict. He hasn't had room to stretch his legs on the crowded and congested island of Manhattan. Still, he has done pretty well. Up till now he has managed to crowd the 1,800,000 people on thirty-eight square miles of land. Compare that number with London's 5,000,000, spread over 688 square miles, and note the disproportion in breathing and moving space between the two cities. At last the old gentleman of the cocked-hat and silken knee-breeches has decided to reach out and develop. He has realised the absurdity of allowing Brooklyn, which is to New York what Southwark is to the City of London—a short trip across the river—to continue a separate existence, and, under the recently sanctioned charter, over one million people will be added from this suburb, and many thousands more from other municipalities adjoining. Jersey City and Hoboken, which are separated from New York as Lambeth is from Westminster, will not come into the new consolidation, because they happen to be in another State and are governed by quite different local laws. Still, they are, to all intents and purposes, part of New York. Without the latter city they would have no reason of existence, and as it is, they are only feeders to it. However, New York is content to take in Brooklyn, Richmond County, Flushing, Long Island City, Newtown, Jamaica, Hempstead, and other small suburbs for the present, and, under the style of Greater New York, she jumps from a population and area as stated above to a population of about 3,100,000 spread over 359 square miles, which is still only about half the area of London. The new city will have 900 miles of paved streets, 1200 miles of railroads, 1120 hotels, 1100 churches, 130,000 dwelling-houses—imagine 3,100,000 people cooped up in 130,000 houses!—37,000 business houses, 700 miles of sewers, 1800 miles of gas mains, and 6000 acres of parks.

With the altered aspect of the great American metropolis there will be quite a revolution in its municipal government. Naturally, the question as to who is to be first Mayor of this enlarged city is paramount above every other, and, though some months must elapse before he is required to assume office, candidates have been named and boomed and duly depreciated, according to party feeling, for the last half-year. The name above all others which has met with most favour is that of Mr. Seth Low, and, judging by the enthusiasm with which his prospective candidature has been hailed, he would probably receive the honour if he cared for it. The only difficulty—and it is a difficulty which crops up at all American elections—is that the wrangles and dissensions and selfishness of various cliques and organisations may bring into the field a number of candidates, most of them fighting for the same policy, namely, good and honest government as against the once powerful but now greatly weakened force of Tammany Hall and all the corruption that that implies. Mr. Low is willing to stand if, as he puts it, "my candidacy would prove a unifying force among the friends of good government in the city," and, as he is much desired by the Citizens' Union, the most powerful anti-Tammany organisation in New York, it is quite likely that he will go to the poll and be elected.

Mr. Low has had rather an unusually successful and brilliant career. He is one of the few men in New York who is not esteemed merely because he is wealthy. He has more than the usual portion of human possessions; but he has besides a thoroughly honourable and incorruptible private and public career, which, it is gratifying to see, counts for more

in the view the people take of him than much wealth. He comes of old English stock, having been born in Brooklyn forty-seven years ago. In appearance he looks ten years younger, and is a fine, broad-shouldered, manly type of man. His life has been a curious mixture of books and business, the business being sandwiched between his achievements as a scholar. He was educated at the well-known Columbia College, and, as the then president said, was "the first scholar of the senior class and the most manly man we have had here for years." Then he entered his father's great tea and silk business, and, after serving in it for many years, became head of the firm. He has also been one of the most active members of the New York Chamber of Commerce. He gave up business in 1888, but before that, in 1881, he had become engulfed in public affairs, and was elected Mayor of Brooklyn. He was only thirty-two years old at the time, and his advent to the office was marked by some novelty of procedure. He was the first Mayor of a great American city to take upon himself the unrestricted choice of nearly the entire executive force of the municipal government, and he made every man whom he appointed promise to resign if he called on him to do so. This was the act of a strong man willing to centre the whole responsibility of government in himself. He was a successful Mayor, and served a second term in 1886. A year after his retirement from business, in 1888, he accepted the office of president of Columbia College, in the City of New York, one of the most important seats of learning in the country. Thus, in less than twenty years, he passed from graduate to president of the college, and since 1889 he has held the latter position. His interest in the institution was practically demonstrated by his gift of a stately and spacious library building, in memory of his father, the cost of which was two hundred thousand pounds. He was a member of the Commission which framed the charter of Greater New York. Mr. Low's qualifications for the office of Mayor of this great city will thus be recognised. As a scholar, a business man, a politician, a benevolent private citizen, and a man of integrity, dignity, and honesty of purpose, he is eminently worthy of the honour, and in honouring him the citizens of Greater New York will be honouring themselves, and will have a representative worthy of their great city.

## THE STAGE AS AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE-MAKER.

## WHAT MR. GILLETTE SAYS ABOUT US.

The *New York Daily Tribune* furnishes the following interview with the author and hero of "Secret Service"—

THEY LIKED HIM AND HE LIKED THEM—EVEN THEIR CIGARS  
HAVE ONE GOOD POINT.

William Gillette, who has been playing "Secret Service" in London, returned with his company on the *Paris* yesterday. He said that he did not have a very pleasant trip across the ocean, because the weather was too calm. He acknowledged that he had been sick for two weeks while in London, but said that he was all right now. He did not know what had been the matter with him, but it was "something with a long name that sounded very nice."

"How did they treat you and your company over there?" was asked, just as a leading question, for everybody who reads the papers knows how the American players were treated.

"They spoiled us," said Mr. Gillette. "They were absolutely too kind and friendly and hospitable. We went to play in London for four weeks, and we stayed three months. That fact alone seems to answer your question. On the first night, for the first fifteen or twenty minutes, there was an ominous stillness. They did not seem to know what sort of thing the play was going to be, and we thought we were lost. Suddenly there was a change, and we could feel that we were holding them, even before they made any noise. Very soon after that they became wildly enthusiastic—got up in their seats and cheered at the end of every act, called us out again and again, and showed every sign of approval and friendliness. After that night there was no ominous silence. They took it all, from beginning to end. They seemed to understand even what we had thought too essentially American for them. They are a little slower to take up points, but when they do they make more demonstration than audiences in America."

"As to any talk about prejudice against American plays and actors, it is perfectly absurd. There is not the slightest prejudice against American actors or American plays in London. Indeed, I think they are rather prejudiced in our favour. All they object to is what they don't like, no matter whether it's English or American."

One thing seems to have disturbed Mr. Gillette. It will be remembered by those who have seen the play that he has to smoke a good many cigars in the course of it; and after the few that he could take with him and get through the British Custom House gave out, he naturally had to use English ones, however disastrous to the realism of the play the necessity might be. And the English were so kind to him that he clearly wanted to say something good even about their cigars, if he could.

"I can speak favourably of them," he said, "in some respects. There are good points to everything, no matter what it is or what it is made of. Smoking is a bad habit. It ought to be stopped. And I don't know of anything better fitted to cure you of smoking than a good English cigar. They are immense—for that!"



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS DESDEMONA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## A STRANGE HISTORY OF YORK.

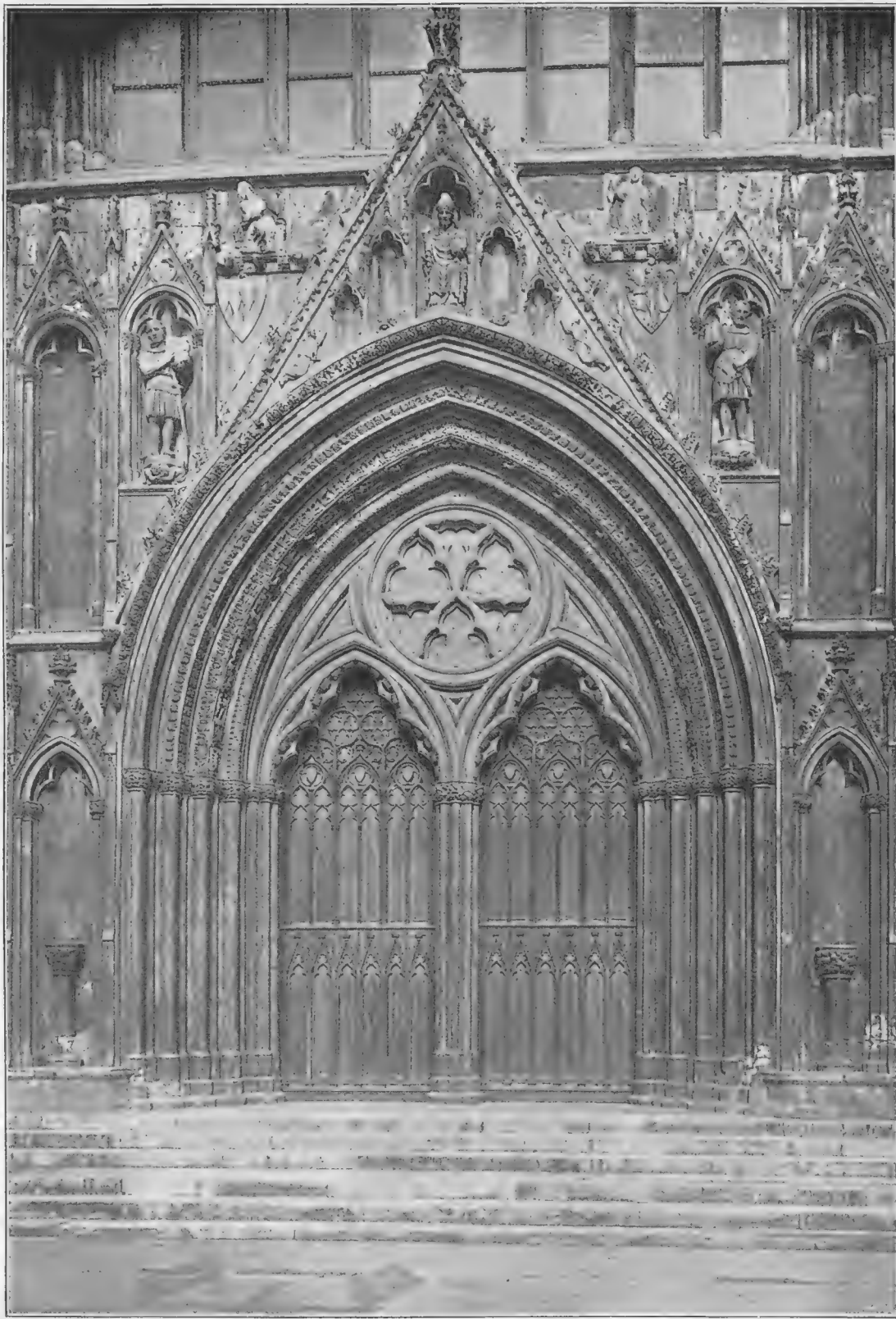
Delays in publication are usually laid at the publisher's door. Goldsmith had occasion against Newbery on this head, and the grievance is not unknown to-day; but it is not often that the author himself is a consenting party to the postponement of what may or may not secure his fame. The only reason for such a course must surely be disgust with the performance. That, at any rate, was the motive which delayed indefinitely the publication of an interesting and learned work,

completed for the press as far back as the year 1662, but unpublished until this year of grace 1897. The story of Sir Thomas Widdrington's disgust with his laborious "Analecta Eboracensia," called by Fuller his "exact description of the City of York," is a humorous piece of literary history. Sir Thomas, a descendant of the Widdringtons of Widdrington Castle, flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century. He was a Serjeant of Gray's Inn, Recorder of York under Charles and the Commonwealth, and represented the constituency in Parliament for the years 1654-56 and 1660. Now the Recorder was a student of the Dryasdust type, and made it his pleasure to compile a minute and learned book on the city of York. Conscious of his debt to that community, Sir Thomas felt that the same could best be repaid by dedicating his monumental work to the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Common Council, and Citizens. But ingratitude has ever thwarted generous schemes. The Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Common Council, and Citizens, being favoured with a proof-copy of Sir Thomas's handsome dedication, received the draft, designed only in their honour, with coldness, nay, even with railing. For their member had been remiss in his Parliamentary duties, having shown more care, indeed, for his constituents' past history than for their present well-being. Their reply must have been drawn by a master of home-truths—

Sir [it began], you have told us by the former discourse what the city was and what our predecessors have been. We know not what this may have of honour in it; sure we are it hath but little of comfort. The shoes of our predecessors are too big for our feet; the ornaments which they had will not serve now to cover our nakedness.

The epistle concludes with a request for leave to tell Sir Thomas that "a good purse is more useful to us than a long story." It then sets forth methodically, under heads (1), (2), and (3), three schemes of

city improvement which would be more to the citizens' liking than "all the monuments of our former state and glory," from which they find "no warmth or comfort." Hence, then, Sir Thomas's disgust, which led him to prohibit the publication of his "Analecta." The book, however, was too valuable to be utterly neglected. More than two hundred years' imprisonment in manuscript must have amply expiated Sir Thomas's political sins, and now the work has appeared in sumptuous form, edited with scholarly care by the Rev. Caesar Caine, F.R.G.S., author of "The Martial Annals of the City of York." From among the illustrations, which are copious and beautiful, we reproduce on this



THE WEST DOOR, YORK MINSTER.

page that of the West Door of York Minster. The original photograph was taken by the late Mr. Joseph Duncan, of York, who made a famous pictorial collection of York doorways. Of the figures above the door, the central is that of Archbishop Melton, who finished the western portion of the church with the expenses of seven hundred marks. This William de Melton, says Widdrington, bestowed great costs upon the Shrine of St. William, and died about the year 1340. He is represented in archiepiscopal attire, his hand raised in the attitude of benediction. Over his head is the finest Gothic window in the world, which was built most probably by the good Archbishop himself. The two remaining figures are those of Percy and Vavasour, likewise benefactors of the Minster. Percy, who appears on the Archbishop's left, is represented (according to Widdrington) with a piece of wood in his hand, in token of his gift of timber for the building. This timber was brought from Percy's Manor of Bolton Percy, near York. The timber, however, is doubted by Mr. Caine, who asserts that the supposed piece of wood in the benefactor's hand is a stone

with mouldings. The editor, however, will not yield to the sweeping assertion of another commentator, that none of the records of the church notice a donation of timber by the Percys. Vavasour, again, who appears on the Archbishop's right, is admitted to hold a stone in his hand, signifying a gift of the harder building material from his quarries near Heselwood. The ashlar is held by some authorities to be perfect emblems of the different degrees of ability possessed by individuals, or of merit assigned to them. Percy is elsewhere represented as "a superior benefactor."

Thus Sir Thomas Widdrington's text, like all kinds of ancient literature, affords endless opportunity for the minute quibbling of the learned. The book, a limited and numbered edition, is published by C. J. Clark, London.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"But how can you be certain that you are his first love?"  
"Well, he only got down here last night!"





HODGE: Well, Sir, as you was saying in yer sermon on Sunday them there common taters [commentators] didn't agree with yer, I thought I'd bring yer a few of these 'ere to try.



MATRIMONY.





THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AN IMPULSE OF SPRING.

BY KATHARINE SILVESTER.

How exalting it is, now, to choose a goal,  
And drive straight for it, like flint and steel!  
To break off all round one, on every side,  
The bonds that bind one to home and friends! (*Peer Gynt*.)

It had been a quarter of an hour out of hell, but, now that it was over, the feeling uppermost in James Homersham's mind was that of relief. According to his wont he had announced by telegram to his sister, Mrs. Earle, his intention of honouring her with a visit, and had driven down to Brixton in his private hansom in a more amiable frame of mind than that in which the prospect of such a visit usually found him.

It was late in August, and no one was in town. Adelaide, his wife, had gone to stay with her own distinguished relatives in the North, the club was a wilderness, and the solitude of the house in Dover Street got upon his nerves. During his drive he came to a determination which set him aglow by the beneficence of its character. He would have his sister to dinner with him that evening, and they would go afterwards together to the theatre. Poor thing! He suspected it was many years since she had tasted pleasure of the kind. He would try again to bring back their old-time relation, when she was pretty and gay, and he was proud of her, and disconnect, if possible, the thought of her from the unsatisfactory husband and unwieldy family, whose shabby existence disturbed his growing sense of fashionable importance. Not that any of them often intruded their shabbiness on the elegance of his household. Emily, his sister, understood him, and saw to that. But the nature of things necessitated an occasional exchange of visits, during which it was doubtful whether giver or receiver was the more ill at ease. Altogether, besides a financial one, there were ways in which the relation was distinctly oppressive. But to-day he was conscious of a different attitude towards the visit, which difference might be traceable to the absence of Adelaide, before whose cold eyes he hated the exposure of a way of living wholly foreign to her own genteel experience.

On the threshold of his sister's house his agreeable new sensations received a check. She opened the door to him herself with a face full of trouble. The unsatisfactory husband had not gone to work that morning, and was in the parlour nursing a cold. So she showed him into an ugly little drawing-room, furnished in a taste that had been common to them in youth, but which he, with his larger artistic opportunities, had long outgrown; and there she unfolded her tale of woe. Usually at their meetings she presented a neat and creditable appearance, but to-day, with no fear of Adelaide in the background, she had omitted to make any toilet preparations for her brother's visit, and looked untidy as well as shabby.

Before the drawing-room door had shut on them he had decided to withhold his proposal for the evening.

It was the old story, and more also. The landlord refused to wait any longer for his rent; the doctor had said that a visit to the seaside was imperative for the little girls; and—and she was afraid there was a baby coming in the spring.

This last item completed the revulsion of feeling that had already set in. His irritation was not to be suppressed, and, as he wrote her out a cheque, he let loose on her some of his ideas on the subject of the responsibilities of parenthood. He had not calculated the effect of his words. He had long ceased to associate with his sister those wild outbreaks of temper which hung about the memory of her in the dark ages of their joint history. In fact, her latter-day weakness had been almost a source of irritation. To-day he learnt that the volcano had not been extinct, but sleeping. She tore the cheque he handed her to shreds before his eyes, and filled his astonished ears with the garnered bitterness of grievances borne long years in silence. She contrasted their positions—her own increasing poverty and his growing wealth—and declared the difference alone accountable for the rarity of their intercourse. She inveighed against his ill-concealed contempt for her husband, his wife's open slighting of herself, the omission of her husband and herself from any but the most informal and out-of-season dinner-parties. He, who in view of periodical cheques had looked upon himself as the aggrieved party, listened open-mouthed to his sister's extraordinary estimate of the situation. Finally she rose in her wrath and ordered him out of her house, pursuing him with reproaches to the very doorstep, where her two little brown-haired, brown-eyed girls stopped their skipping in horrified wonder. He leaped into the cab awaiting him by the kerb with a sense of escape from a terror, scarcely caring that his sister's words must have reached the ears of the coachman. And now he was at home again in Dover Street, and was sitting in the arm-chair of his study, his nerves still shaken by the scene he had just passed through. The very violence of his sister's words had robbed them of a possible effect of arousing in him a feeling of self-reproach. What filled up the horizon of his present thoughts was the black ingratitude of her behaviour and his own past kindness and forbearance. He was not in the habit of turning to his wife for sympathy, but he resolved to write to her at once about this with Emily. She would confirm him in his resolution of having no further relations with his sister and her family, and of blotting the thought of them out of his life. Emily had only herself to thank, and for him it was best so. His near connection with all that ugly poverty could not but be

regarded as an undesirable impediment in his struggle up the social ladder. His present position was due to his own exertions, aided by a carefully chosen marriage, from which love had been the only element missing. He took much credit to himself for the success of his career, it never occurring to him at any time that his ambitions were unworthily placed.

Years rolled by and found James Homersham well on in the path he had chosen for himself. His childless wife had died shortly after the breach with his sister, which nothing had ever occurred to repair. Once or twice he had caught a glimpse of her as he flashed past her in his carriage. At another time they had almost elbowed one another in a crowd, and he was surprised to see that she looked handsome and not ill-dressed. He would have been more surprised to learn that, with all her anger and resentment, the knowledge of her brother's state formed an agreeable element in her consciousness, and imposed certain obligations upon her own manner of life, of whose real source she was, perhaps, unsuspecting. For his part, he was never conscious of regretting the result of their last interview, and the echo of her bitter words still sounded across the years. He clung to his old ambitions, and knew few interests beyond the state of his investments and the number and distinction of his social engagements.

One morning he found on his table a letter of invitation to the country-house of a nobleman whose doors had only that Season been thrown open to him. He was surprised at the moderate amount of elation with which the invitation filled him, and thought how differently the departed Adelaide would have been affected by it. Somehow, of late, things he had always prized did not seem to yield him the old satisfaction. He began to be conscious of unpleasant sensations when by chance a witness at any exhibition of the family affections. He put these sensations down to the fact of his being a little out of health, and on that account was inclined to welcome this opportunity of spending an April day or two away from town. He knew little of his hosts. His hostess was an American, and he had gathered vaguely that she was not held in special esteem among the women of her set. But the great fact remained that she was a countess, and a handsome one, too, and it was not every day that he had a chance of eating his morning egg in the company of the English nobility.

The garden lay in a glory of afternoon sunshine. Mr. Homersham, paper in hand, descended the stone steps of the terrace, and waved a greeting as he passed by the tennis-lawns to the men and girls hard at play there. During his morning ramble he had noticed an outlying bit of lawn with a sun-dial and scattered clumps of rhododendron and lilac. It was here he purposed to enjoy half-an-hour's ease and respite from a noisy, chattering world. Arrived at the spot, he chose with care a seat well within range of the shafts of mild sunshine, and lay back in it, with closed eyes, prepared to yield himself to the physical resources of the situation. The voices of the distant tennis-players sounded faintly in his ears. A thrush trilled for him from a white lilac-bush. The air was heavy with the scent of neighbouring may-trees. On the whole, he was glad he had come. The other members of the house-party were agreeable people, really very agreeable people. And most of them belonged to quite the best set. He felt flattered at being asked to meet them. How well Adelaide would have played her part among them all! As for himself, these things were beginning to be too much of an effort. If he had only had a child now—a daughter! By-the-bye, what a pretty little governess creature (or was she a nursemaid?) he had noticed in the morning at play about the lawn with the children. And what a head of hair she had! It had uncoiled itself as she ran, and lay spread like a mantle over her shoulders. He tried to recall where he had before seen such hair, with those shades in it of the copper-beech.

The sound of talking from the further side of an opposite clump of lilacs disturbed his reverie. The voice most in evidence was that of his hostess, betrayed by its American twang. She was scolding some unfortunate person with all the vulgar vehemence of an angry washerwoman.

Mr. Homersham's first impulse was to make his escape. But he found he could not do this without revealing his presence, and increasing thereby the unpleasantness of the situation. So he sat down again on the seat from which he had half risen, disgusted at the part of eavesdropper that was forced upon him. He soon gathered that it was the little nursery-governess who was undergoing verbal chastisement, and as insult followed impertinence his blood began to boil with shame for the honour of a noble countess.

The occasion of the uproar was a mere trifle. The poor little governess had for a few minutes forgotten her position and her responsibilities, and had accepted the invitation of some of the girls of the house-party to make up a set at lawn-tennis. One of the little girls, her charges, had taken the opportunity to wander among the flower-beds and get a lace frock torn and dragged.

The culprit had made little defence at first, and that in an almost inaudible voice, but as the whip of words still descended he caught a reply given in tones of quivering indignation. What was there in the sound of her voice to make him feel as though something had clutched at his heart? Trembling, he crept from his seat and placed himself so as to get a glimpse of the two women.

The girl stood facing her angry mistress. There were marks of tears on her flushed cheeks, but she held her young body proudly, and her eyes flashed back answering haughtiness. James Homersham from his hiding-place watched her with dilating pupils and a wildly beating heart.



It was as though from the dim background of the past a figure separated itself from a crowd of shadows and became clothed with the live tints of flesh and blood. For a moment he lost count of time. It was his sister—the sister of his youth, the sister he had loved, then neglected and forgotten—who was undergoing insult and humiliation, and involuntarily he held out protective arms. Then memory came back to him, and he realised the truth. Not her, but her child, the little girl he remembered to have held once on his knee. He could recall the touch of that brown hair against his cheek. And as he saw her now in her distress he was shaken with a passion of anger and pity. He would discover himself to the two women and claim her—she was his—and carry her off from all this wretchedness. And he took a step forward. Blinded by his emotion, he had for the moment lost sight of his ambitions—but only for the moment. The slight noise produced by his movement among the bushes caused the Countess to turn her head in his direction, and he shrank back, appalled by a sudden fear of detection. There flashed before his imagination that woman's look of disdain at the revelation of his connection with a semi-nursemaid, his loss of prestige among the rest of the party, all the uncomfortable consequences of a family reconciliation. His arms dropped at his sides, and he crept back to his seat opposite the white lilac; but, for him, all the beauty had faded from the April day. He could hear the rustle of the Countess's dress across the grass as she went to take her place at the tea-table on the terrace, and the quick step of the nursery-governess hurrying back to her neglected duties till such time as she was free to go and cry her heart out in the solitude of her attic.

The habit of long years had been too strong for him; he had let the moment go.

After all, he told himself, sitting crouched up with misery on the garden-seat, it was possible he was mistaken. He had met before with extraordinary cases of resemblance. Only, for his peace of mind's sake, he must never hear her name. He must leave the place that evening—as soon as possible. He knew that letters would have arrived for him by the afternoon post. He would pretend to find in these something that required his immediate presence in town. Only to be gone! to be gone! And he rose and hurried back to the house at a feverish pace, avoiding the terrace and reaching the hall, where he expected to find his letters, by a side entrance.

A few minutes later he appeared, with an open letter in his hand, among the party in the front of the house, and, going up to his hostess, informed her, with some incoherence, of the necessity for his departure.

"It is too bad of you, Mr. Homersham! The punishment for such desertion should be loss of afternoon-tea. But I'm a forgiving creature, and here is some of my best brew, by way of stirrup-cup. I will send for the dog-cart. You will just catch the 6.30."

And the Countess handed him a cup of tea with one of her most alluring smiles. But her eyes rested curiously on the grey, drawn face of the man who tried, with dry lips, to give her back an answering smile as, with a shaking hand, he took the cup from her.

### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Two of the most modern essays in Mr. Traill's new book, just sent out by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, exhibit that keen and, on this occasion at least, very fair critic, in a difficult and uncomfortable position. One of these, "The New Fiction"—which quite inaccurately gives the title to the volume—deals with Mr. Stephen Crane and Mr. Arthur Morrison; the other, "The Political Novel," with Mrs. Humphry Ward—or rather, with her latest novel, "Sir George Tressady." Now Mr. Traill's sympathies are with the older schools; his best enjoyment is got from the books that are indisputably classics, round which no uncomfortable modern ferment stirs. Yet talent nearly always appeals to him strongly, even on the part of one who writes mistakenly, in his opinion. So his sympathies and his sense of justice are often terribly strained in their efforts to agree. It is of Mr. Crane's studies of New York life he is speaking, of "Maggie" and of "George's Mother"; and concerning the unnecessary amount of sordid, brutal details in these he is not a whit too severe. But, while judging separate passages with perfect justice, he has entirely missed the cumulative effect. In the power of pathos he declares Mr. Crane not only to be deficient, but to be ignorant of the very meaning of it. And yet he has read "Maggie" with evident care. The brutal fighting, the rowdy life, have obscured from him the mild, believing, hopeful figure of the girl who bore with her cruel home so quietly, who made a hero of the faithless Pete, and whom the misery of life never turned away from gentleness! Mr. Morrison's greater vigour, his English bulldog vigour, forces from his unsympathetic critic more attention, and his strictures on "A Child of the Jago" and "Tales of Mean Streets" are just and wise in their severity. And he is not sparing of admiration, albeit of an unwilling kind, for the writer's talent. But when one turns to his judgment on "Sir George Tressady," one wonders where his sagacity has fled. He impeaches it, in the most courteous, gentlemanly terms, of course, on most important grounds—for its lack of humour, its improbabilities, the sentimental attitude of the writer towards the heroine, for her incapacity of detaching herself from her characters—all faults of the most important kind in fiction. But the book belongs to an older, more aristocratic, suaver school, to which go the whole bent of his real sympathies; and while admitting faults that put it outside serious consideration as imaginative literature, he yet can talk of "all its brilliancy and power," and praise the great genius of the writer. What will Mr. Traill think

of his words when "Sir George Tressady" in a year or two has gone the way of its kind, the ambitious political tract, the story tempered to the philanthropy of the moment?

Mr. Burgin is one of the most industrious of our story-tellers. His books have been following each other very thick of late, all of them energetic and spirited and promising, and not one of them very much better than another. But "Fortune's Footballs," just issued by the new publishers, C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, seems a little worse in more than one respect. It is a strange combination of the very up-to-date in topical allusion, and of old-fashioned sensation and coincidence. It is a lively story, if abundance of incident and of contrast make liveliness, but all its effects are forced, all its colours lurid. Who were "Fortune's Footballs" exactly is not very clear. Perhaps all the characters more or less. But it is at least a fitting title for a book where present-day sport and recreation play an important part, the opening scene of which includes the collision of a bicycle with an elephant, man and machine being thrown by the animal over the heads of a crowd, and where the angry bull or runaway horse of tradition, whereby the fair heroine's life is endangered, becomes a swift golf-ball received by her willing substitute, the hero, on his cheek-bone. Perhaps this kind of thing is supposed to give reality—actuality I believe the thing is called—to the story. The scene is the reception of a new tragedy and a new player: "Davenport Adams smiled benignantly at the beautiful young actress led on by Tregennis; Joseph Knight began to scribble hurried notes, and Clement Scott glided away with that expression on his face which always forewarns people not to speak to him until he has written his critique. . . . That expression in Nisbet's eye means half a column at least." This is a sample of a cheap and somewhat objectionable kind of realism indulged in too freely throughout the book. The story reminds one in parts of Mr. Anstey's "Giant's Robe," but the villain, the stealer of the manuscript, is an inhuman exaggeration, and too much used to give utterance to Mr. Burgin's evident antipathy to the Jewish race. Perhaps it is good to be angry sometimes even in fiction, but a writer whose anger shows itself by gloating over the ugly, sordid, physical features of the persons and the circumstances that are disagreeable to him is less likely to fill his readers with sympathetic indignation than with disgust. And all whose taste has not been formed on the Adelphi drama must revolt from the extremely geometrical design of the workings of the retributive justice which overtakes the villain on the identical spot where his story, for us, had begun, and at the hands—I mean, by the trunk—of the identical elephant.

In connection with cheap fiction, Messrs. Blackwood's issue of a sixpenny edition of George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" calls for mention, though, indeed, its price is advertisement enough. A few years ago we were behind all the principal European countries in the way of cheap popular classics, and now it is doubtful if we have not outstripped them—at least where our own classics are concerned. An excellent fiction library can be formed now by the poor man who can pay out a pound by instalments.

Perhaps some publisher will be induced to issue an edition of William de Britaine's "Humane Prudence." Mr. Herbert Sturmer has edited it for Mr. F. E. Robinson, and has taken the trouble to largely re-write it. De Britaine was a worldly philosopher of considerable interest, if no great originality—for he stole thoughts on a large scale. With all his faults, his work merits being read as he wrote it, and not as a nineteenth-century editor thinks he should have written it.

A hero-worshipping romance that will receive a good deal of sympathetic attention from such as can be persuaded to read anything of it after its title, is "Kallistratus," which Mr. Gykes, of Dulwich School, has just published through Messrs. Longman. Undoubtedly it halts between the historical romance and the book written to induce young persons to take an interest in remote periods. But if it cannot be definitely classed, and if there are passages of feeble sentimentality in it, there is also work of a distinctly original order, and much that is attractive. The real hero of the book is no one less than Hannibal, and the worshippers are young Greeks, exiles to the Valley of the Rhone, naturally critical and contemptuous of the Romans, but likewise strongly attracted by the personality of the great Carthaginian. Something of the feeling which the soldiers of the Grande Armée felt for Napoleon—those who did not come into close contact with the Emperor—only stronger and tenderer, is reflected in the devotion of the young Greek lieutenant to his chosen leader. But the book is an unconventional study in human character as well, crude, but interesting and true; and the young lieutenant is not all a hero. The unconquerable power of Rome draws a nature that is, in spite of its better instincts, hard and worldly. Hannibal, in the decline of his power, guesses his inclination, bids him go. He goes—and no very good luck follows him in his Roman employment. So it is through the eyes not only of one who had worshipped him with a boy's whole-hearted worship, but of a deserter who learnt his worth in hours of burning remorse, that we see Hannibal. The picture is just a little too soft and sweet, perhaps, and "Kallistratus" is not exactly a strong book; yet it wanders outside the historical romance for the young in very interesting and attractive directions.

Almost simultaneously with "Kallistratus" there appears Mr. O'Connor Morris's serious study of Hannibal in "The Heroes of the Nations" Series (Putnam's), a weighty and worthy bit of work, but not a thing to lounge over in these holiday times. Here, too, we get the idea of that haunting power with which the great general and only one or two other mortals besides him have inspired their fellow beings. o. o.

## "OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS."

MR. and MRS. ANSTRUTHER are seated at the dining-table with their two children, REGINALD, a boy of eight, and EVA, who is scarcely six years old. MR. and MRS. ANSTRUTHER have been nagging each other during the progress of their meal. For a moment, when the SERVANT enters to clear the table, they stop; but, directly he leaves the room, they recommence.

MR. A. Well, you've made up your mind?

MRS. A. Absolutely.

MR. A. You mean to go to this ball?

MRS. A. Of course I mean to go. I don't get too many amusements.

MR. A. Well, for once and for all, I forbid you to go.

MRS. A. My answer is that you are a wretch! I have put up with your tyranny quite long enough, and I mean to do so no longer. I've had quite sufficient.

MR. A. And so have I. You hear what I say? I've had enough of it. Luckily, I know a remedy.

MRS. A. Tell me what you mean. Oh, I know! Perhaps, after all, you're right. It's quite clear that we can't live together.

MR. A. You mean that we should have a divorce? I'm perfectly delighted! Let's arrange it at once.

MRS. A. Yes, let's do it. I'm sure that it's the best thing.

MR. A. All right. I'll go off at once to Lincoln's Inn and see Rowser and Browser.

[They get up from the table and leave the room. One goes out by the right door, and the other by the left. Both doors are slammed violently. REGINALD and EVA are left alone. For some little time they don't speak, and then—

REGINALD. I say, Eva, how cross papa was!

EVA. Yes, how he scolded mamma!

REGINALD. And mamma scolded papa. And they forgot to give us any dessert. I did want one of those apples.

EVA. Why didn't you ask for it?

REGINALD. I was afraid. Mamma has forgotten to give me my writing lesson. Let's play, shall we?

EVA. Yes, let's play, Reggie; but what at?

REGINALD. Let's play at horses.

EVA. No, I don't care about that. Let's play at two people just going to be married.

REGINALD. Oh no; we played at that yesterday! I've thought of what we'll play at.

EVA. Some new game? What is it?

REGINALD. Let's play at divorce, like papa and mamma just now.

EVA. Well, what are we to do?

REGINALD. We must scold each other. You must begin and I'll answer.

EVA (uneasily). But we mustn't hit each other.

REGINALD. Oh no! Papa and mamma are too big for that. (Raising his voice.) So you've made up your mind to go to the ball?

EVA. Yes, I want to dance.

REGINALD. And I don't mean that you shall go.

EVA. I don't care what you say. I intend to go.

REGINALD. You're a wretched woman!

EVA. And you're a scoundrel!

REGINALD. I've had enough of this kind of life. Luckily, there is such a thing as divorce. Let's divorce?

EVA. Certainly. I'll go to my solicitor.

REGINALD. And I'll go to mine.

EVA. I'll bet you I'll get there first.

REGINALD. No you won't.

EVA. I shall take the carriage.

REGINALD. And I shall ride. You won't catch me.

EVA. I shall kick your horse.

REGINALD. And I shall upset your carriage. There!

[He pushes EVA, who falls on the carpet and strikes her head against the foot of the table.

EVA (crying). You've hurt me. You knew we weren't to hit each other.

REGINALD. I didn't mean to. Let's go on playing.

EVA. No, I won't play.

REGINALD. Don't be silly, Eva. Now's the amusing time.

EVA. How?

REGINALD. Now we divide what we've got.

EVA. You give me your hoop?

REGINALD. Yes, and I take your fan.

EVA. And I your soldier's coat and sword.

REGINALD. And I your doll that opens and shuts its eyes.

EVA. No, no! Not my doll!

REGINALD. Why not? If we divorce, it belongs to me as much as to you.

EVA. I won't give you my doll.

REGINALD. You must; and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you my magic-lantern.

EVA. No, I won't give up my doll Marie.

REGINALD. But why?

EVA. Because she's my daughter. I'm her mother.

REGINALD. And I'm her father. I know how to take care of her

better than you. Didn't I rescue her from the dog the other day when he wanted to bite her?

EVA. Yes; but you can't kiss her like I can, and she sleeps with me every night. She would cry if she wasn't with me.

REGINALD. Yes; but I'm a man. I can make money to buy her pretty dresses.

EVA. She likes her little mother better than frocks.

REGINALD (stamping his foot). Well, I mean to have my way. We're divorcing, and we must divide everything.

EVA (going to the doll's cradle and taking her up). No, you shan't!

REGINALD. Then I shall take her by force.

[He tries to tear the doll out of her arms, but EVA resists and screams violently. MR. and MRS. ANSTRUTHER enter.

MRS. A. (to the children). Good Heavens! What are you doing?

MR. A. What are you crying for, Eva, and you, Reggie?

[He takes both of them upon his knee.

EVA. It was Reggie who wanted to take my doll—my Marie.

REGINALD. I was quite right. We're being divorced. Papa, dear, when people are divorced they divide everything, even dolls, don't they?

EVA. You can't divide dolls; they must go with their mammas.

REGINALD. They've also got papas, and when there are two dolls, one goes to one, and the other to the other.

EVA. But I've only got one doll.

REGINALD (after a moment's hesitation). Well, let's cut her in two.

EVA. No, no! I won't have Marie hurt. I'd rather not be divorced. Divorce is a horrid thing. It does such a lot of harm to dolls.

[MR. and MRS. ANSTRUTHER look at each other. He presses the children towards his breast, and she covers them with kisses. Then she takes the hand he extends to her and whispers in his ear—

MRS. A. Divorce is a horrid thing!

MR. A. (pointing to REGGIE and EVA). It does such a lot of harm to dolls.

M. W.

## A FRIENDLY AMERICAN.

Exploring expeditions are expensive affairs. Nansen's Arctic voyage must have cost fifty thousand pounds, and ten thousand pounds will scarcely cover the expenses of Dr. Donaldson Smith's expedition to Lake Rudolf, an account of which he has just published under the title of "Through Unknown African Countries" (Edward Arnold). When the explorer himself pays expenses and is pleased with the result, only an ill-natured critic will ask whether the gain is commensurate with the expenditure, especially when it is to be observed that Dr. Smith has made a gift of his hardly earned information, his numerous bones of Natural History specimens, his hunting trophies and his valuable maps of unknown regions, to public museums in England and Pennsylvania, his native State. His route lay through the southern borders of King Menelik's territories, Somaliland, and British East Africa, regions of great interest to us at the present time. King Menelik did not find his hands so full with the Italians as not to find time to send a very civil note to Dr. Smith, who is good enough to say that it was written in Arabic, with a translation in French appended; but a perusal of the letter rather inclines one to believe that French is the original and Arabic the translation, especially when one remembers the French following at the Abyssinian Court. The civil letter was followed by a chief and three hundred soldiers to see that Dr. Smith and his caravan of two hundred camels and eighty Somali followers returned at once to the place whence they came. This led to a detour so great that nearly a year was occupied in reaching Lake Rudolf.



DR. A. DONALDSON SMITH.

Dr. Smith traversed a region inhabited by many and diverse peoples, abounding in elephants, rhinoceroses, and lions, and had ample opportunity for proving his marksmanship. While busy using his collecting-net, his sextant, and providing for the safety of his expedition, he still found some time and opportunity for observing the more domestic customs of the natives. "Two Watu Borau acted as guides, and one of these began to make love to Ola. I oversaw the two flirting, and was highly amused at the manner in which they went about it. It consisted almost entirely in tickling and pinching, each sally being accompanied by roars of laughter. They never kissed, as such a thing is unknown in Africa." "One of the first things that strikes a stranger in Africa," he remarks in another place, "is the wonderful rapidity with which children develop. Real childhood is unknown, although manhood is never reached." They are most childish in their ignorance of the fatal effects of European firearms.



## HIGH ART IN THE NURSERY.

"I close the volume only when I must, with music in my ears, flowers before my eyes, and thoughts in my brain." So wrote



"Good morrow, little maiden;  
The day is bright," said he.  
"Good morrow, little gentleman;  
The month is cold," said she.

Robert Browning of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's first volume of verse, "Swallow-flights," and no fitter words could be found to express the feelings with which one lays down her last book, "In Childhood's Country" (James Bowden).

Mrs. Moulton is an old favourite with children. Her "Bed-Time Stories," "More Bed-Time Stories," and similar works have had such enormous sales in America that one wonders how it is only a single volume has been reprinted here.

"In Childhood's Country," her first book of verse for children, will, we suspect, be as much treasured by those of us who are looking back wistfully upon our lost land of childhood, as by those whose wee feet still

wander among its tragic paths. One must not be too young to feel the poignancy of, for instance, the four lines entitled "Why"—

Just to bloom beside your way,  
That is why the flowers are sweet;  
You want fresh ones every day,  
That is why the flowers are fleet.

But in the fairy-haunted fields through which Mrs. Moulton leads us, there grow buttercups and daisies for tiny hands to pick and play with, as well as sweet, sad-scented lavender for older folk to sigh and dream over. "Mr. Dickens and Mr. Dan," "Waiting Margery"—

With a gay little watch that does not go,  
So that the time she always can know;  
For you never can be mistaken, I think,  
When a watch or a clock doesn't stir a wink—

and "I think the dolls are the happiest folk" should prove prime favourites with the bairns and babies.

The illustrations are by Miss Ethel Reed, who designed the cover and title-page of the spring *Yellow Book*. These last and the three drawings she contributed to Mr. Lane's quarterly excited in artistic circles considerable curiosity, which the striking poster she designed for Mr. Le Gallienne's "Quest of the Golden Girl" did not a little to stimulate. The illustrations to "In Childhood's Country" are likely even more to be animatedly discussed. The opinions which have been expressed in our hearing are, to say the least of them, conflicting. One foremost art critic pronounced them "supremely beautiful," and artistic folk generally go in raptures about them. On the other hand, people untrained in art look dubious and ask if the drawings are not a little "eccentric." One vulgar person did not hesitate to describe these same illustrations as "eye-openers," a term which we had hitherto associated with American drinks, but which apparently is equally applicable to drawings by artists of the same nationality. That they are out of the common everyone will agree, and, though they may seem "artificial" at the first glance, the second will compel the confession that they are original and full of decorative beauty. People of cultivated artistic taste who are on the look-out for something different from the commonplace and not always beautiful picture-book for children, will find "In Childhood's Country" a charming gift-book. It is dedicated to little Miss Coulson Kernahan (Beryl), who should be a proud young lady.

## THE SPORTSMAN IN THE RHINE DELTA.

Our interest in the flora and fauna, in the manners and customs, of a country-side is especially keen when the country-side is new to us. Appreciation of the familiar beautiful and the familiar wonderful is dulled, like our observation of the same; but go to a strange land or into a (for us) untrodden region, and immediately curiosity is whetted, even as the eye is unusually entertained. It is not that we have exhausted the possibilities of the everyday at home: in all likelihood we have ignored these. Frequently it happens that the instincts of the naturalist leap up most lustily in those abroad in whom they are least quick at home. Thus, the observations of the globe-trotter or of Cook's excursionist are to be accepted warily in the interests of science, or, indeed, in the interests of anyone save himself, and his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts. The records of them are, at best, a moment's entertainment for the reader, and cheques by which, in the future, the observer himself can draw upon the treasury of memory. It is as such only that these notes are penned by the present writer, who, for his sins,

was condemned to spend the week of "the Twelfth" in a country-side where grouse was never cooked, and to read his *Sketch* three days late among people to whom an angler certainly is a fool at one end of a rod, at the other end of which *their* fish are too wise to be found.

*Ex uno disce omnes* is dangerous theory for the traveller anywhere, and especially for the traveller in the Low Countries. Yet so generally is it practised that, from the stock experience of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and The Hague, an estimate is current of Holland as wholly a flat and watery country, intersected closely with canals and bristling with windmills. In like manner, you might speak to a man of the Lothians about his mighty hills. Windmills you have in Holland, even as you have mountains in Scotland, yet you may travel over whole regions where not one breaks the horizon.

Indeed, there is a variety of conditions which affords more sport than is generally credited to Holland. Angling, certainly, is practically unknown. You will see the peasant boys cast rough lines over the village bridge, you may even see a perch take their worm, and on Sunday mornings workmen line the canals and eke out a meal with the catch of their rods. But the imagination can scarce invest these practices with the dignity of a sport. The Dutch sportsman is a *jager*, a hunter, and although here, as at home, modern methods are encroaching, he still considers the finding of the game, and not the shooting of it, the better part of the exercise.

Picture such an one setting out for the day. Considerations of appearance weigh lightly with him. An easy coat above a woollen jerkin, a wideawake hat, trousers tucked into the boots, and leggings to the knees—that is a costume which you will frequently see alongside of the newest shooting-suits made in English fashion. And preferably he will go out alone, accompanied by his servant and his dog. The gun over his shoulder, though a serviceable weapon, is not of the newest pattern. The bag which the man carries contains no elaborate luncheon; cold tea, *jenever*, the inevitable *kadetje* with butter and cheese, a slice or two of cold tongue, and tobacco (for once the cigar is left behind), are its contents. A start is made after an early breakfast. Pine-woods and meadows and moor and sandy hillocks are traversed. If a broad ditch intervenes, the *poelstok* is at hand—a stout pole, some twelve feet in length, by means of which, with a wonderful knack, wide waterways are crossed. As long as there is light he continues the hunt, working hard for each item of the bag, which generally is heavy and mixed when home is reached, and the *borreltje* is consumed leisurely preparatory to the important business of dining.

And this Dutch gentleman of the old school is a naturalist as well as a sportsman. His gun-room (yet he would smile did you call it so) is adorned with cases of birds shot and stuffed by himself, the heads of stags and roes, a marten, perhaps, and a fox, and a little library of sporting and natural history literature in various languages. Let us look at his cases of birds. There are hundreds of specimens—of song-birds, birds of prey, waders, game-birds, and what not. Game-birds chiefly attract our attention. Here is the homely partridge, the best known, as with us, and the best liked. The pine-woods are rich in ant-heaps, where the young birds can feed on the *mierenieren* (ant-eggs), so-called, to their hearts' content. These larvæ are used by breeders of nightingales and other caged birds as food for their pets, and are collected in a curious way. A patch is dug near an ant-heap, over which is laid a sheet, folded twice. To this the heap is transferred on a spade, and the disturbed ants convey the larvæ to a place of safety (as they believe) between the folds, after which the treasure is easily carried away without encumbrance of sticks and leaves of the original nest. Beside the partridges is a quail, rather a rare find in the district nowadays, and woodcock—one unusually large, called here *uilenkoppen* (owl-head)—and snipe. The *poel-snipe* is larger than the water-snipe, and a rare visitant in these parts, being found, if found at all, in North Brabant and Limburg, while the *Bokje*, which is smaller, is rarer still. The fine *Korhoen*, with the tail shaped like two half-moons, came from Overijssel; but the pheasants were brought down on ground walked over not an hour ago, and, indeed, most of the birds, like the stags and the roes, were shot, one might say, at the door. The Rhine Delta affords abundant opportunity to the old-fashioned sportsman of the country, and, for the most part, he is ready to avail himself of it.

And yet this is not a sporting country in the English sense, although, so far as it goes in for sport, it follows English fashions. Years ago Hildebrand (the Miss Martineau of Holland) advised on the education of Dutch boys, and especially warned against a priggish upbringing. The boys one sees in the streets are not prigs in any degree: a prig in *sabots* would be unbearable; nevertheless, they lack the heartiness in their games of English lads. They play marbles, fly kites, race with hoops, and (on the sly) gamble in pitch-and-toss—all in a regular cycle—but the recurrence is not so manifest (and, consequently, not so annoying) as at home. In the towns, lads of a better class play cricket, but leave it off at an early age for lawn-tennis, which was imported from England not long ago, and has gained a considerable popularity. Now and then, too, you can see a youth with golf-clubs, but I have never seen a golf-course, although I have walked across ideal ground for one, with here and there perfect putting greens ready-made. The military class support horse-racing; but there is no Derby, and, if there were, the winner's name would not be in every mouth. So far as there is a national sport, it is boat-racing. True, that is almost limited to the students, but the Inter-Universities' meeting is more or less an event in the land. Groningen is not represented there, but the three other Universities, Leiden, Utrecht, and Amsterdam, and the Polytechnic at Delft—a training-school for the Indian Civil Service—compete, amidst the excitement and enthusiasm of their respective following, in four-oar and two-oar races. And, of course—think of the roads!—in Holland the cyclist is always with us,

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Sept. 15, 7.14; Thursday, 7.12; Friday, 7.10; Saturday, 7.7; Sunday, 7.5; Monday, 7.3; Tuesday, 7.

A certain cycling sage strongly advises "the 'bikist' who values his health"—though not his personal appearance—"always in hot weather to wear in his hat a cabbage or rhubarb leaf, and allow it to hang down over his neck. He should also wear a large-sized pair of smoked or blue spectacles, a stout sweater made of pure lamb's-wool, and crocodile-skin lace-up shoes that have just been soaked in castor-oil for twenty-four hours." The prescription is, no doubt, an excellent one, from a sanitary standpoint, but the cyclist so attired would frighten any self-respecting London motor-car into hysterics, and certainly stir into activity the primitive policeman of the provinces.

It is satisfactory to notice that several newspapers are beginning to agitate for the production of cheap, useful, and durable bicycles—machines that need not necessarily be beautiful to look upon, provided

to her being attired in a badly cut skirt, which had become hitched in the driving-wheel. She was lying almost insensible in the high-road which runs beside Lord Bolton's estate, and the off-pedal of her machine resembled a corkscrew rather than a respectable crank. Long ago, in these columns, I strongly advocated the use of knickerbockers for ladies, on the ground of safety, and I shall continue so to do "until death do us part."

An article headed "Some Famous Lady Cyclists," in the September *Lady's Realm*, serves as a peg upon which to hang interesting rags of information about such well-known ladies as the Countess De La Warr, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Brassey, Lady Norreys, Lady de Trafford, the Hon. Coralie Glyn, Miss Helen Gladstone, Madame Sarah Grand, and Mrs. Tarney-Archer. A description in detail of the Hereford House Wheel Club is also contained in the article, a description that would be interesting if the Wheel Club still existed.

An ingenious cyclist has been trying the experiment of inflating his tyres with coal-gas instead of ordinary air, with the result that his



STONEHENGE UP TO DATE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

they are suitable to ride upon. Now, what I would advise the aspiring cycle-manufacturer to produce is a machine covered *all over* with black enamel, supplied, as far as possible, with dust and damp resisting bearings and fitted with double-tube tyres. Such a machine could easily be sold at ten pounds, or less, and, to use a hackneyed phrase, it would undoubtedly supply a long-felt want.

I presume that the cast-off cycles of royalties, like pictures by the Old Masters, have a value all their own. At least, I see that a "bike," described as formerly belonging to King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, is now on show outside a large cycling depôt, and no doubt the precious machine will be disposed of before very long.

Mr. Charles P. Sisley, of *Daily Mail* and *Rambler* and *Cycling* fame in general, is endeavouring to crumple up the cycling-skirt in favour of the bifurcated garment, as it is now called. He declares that many cases of serious accident brought about by skirts becoming entangled in wheel or pedal have come under his notice, and similar cases have come under my own notice, and probably under the notice of all persons who cycle frequently. Indeed, only a fortnight ago I happened upon a young lady who had met with a bad accident near Basingstoke, owing

machine was lightened by several pounds, and the pace increased by five miles an hour.

It is sad to record the death of Prince Soh, who represented Corea in the recent Jubilee pageant, and still sadder to hear that his death was attributable to over-exertion in a long bicycle ride he had undertaken a week previously. The deceased Prince was an enthusiastic cyclist, and was on his way home to Corea when his untimely death occurred at Washington.

I am delighted to hear that the Midland Railway Company, who generally lead the way in providing facilities for the travelling public, have constructed a special van for the conveyance of cycles. It is considerably longer than the usual luggage-van, and is provided with hooks on the roof, from which the machines may be suspended.

The end of the century Viking  
Explores in a manner that's striking;  
'Tis not in a ship  
He sets out on a trip,  
But just on a wheel—which is biking.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

The St. Leger winner and Kilcock are trained on some of the soundest going to be found in England. Indeed, the gallops on the Beckhampton Downs are workable the year round, unless very severe frost intervenes. I remember in Fordham's palmy days attending some coursing meets with the celebrated jockey, and our only grievance was that horses were always too plentiful. Mr. Norman K. Wentworth, the celebrated coursing judge, used to live at Avebury, between Darling's place and Manton, now occupied by the brothers Taylor. I may add that Fordham was personally fond of coursing. He considered that the sport beat racing hollow.

Galtee More might have won the St. Leger cleverly, but he did not win easily, and I cannot stand him at the weights for the Cesarewitch. The Doncaster race proved that St. Cloud holds the Beckhampton colt quite harmless at Newmarket, but it may not be difficult later on to find something good enough to beat the American colt. I am glad to see that Soliman has accepted. He is a useful horse, bred to stay, and he is, I take it, of the improving sort. We know he can stay the course, and he is very likely to be there or thereabouts at the finish.

As usual, the Cambridgeshire will turn out to be the best betting race of the year. Sticklers after book form have a really good thing for this race in Brigg, the only horse that ever beat Galtee More. If Hayhoe can get the filly perfectly sound and well on the day, she must have a great chance, but there is an "if" in the matter, and it may be that the Rothschilds' colours are fated to be carried by Rosemerry, who polished off Amphion so easily at Lingfield. Marco is feared by the Newmarket men, who let him pass, by-the-bye, when he was trained at headquarters and won the race. I do hope Yorker will go close, as I happen to know that Sir Blundell Maple thinks a lot of this horse.

I was sorry to see such a poor acceptance for the Duke of York Stakes. The handicap is set to be run at the wrong time. If Mr. S. H. Hyde could prevail on the powers that be to bring his fixture forward a month, this handicap would fare better. However, as it is, if half of the contents go to the post we ought to see a good race. I certainly think Court Ball, on some of his form, is well in, and if the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland decides to run his horse he is sure of a big following. La Sagesse, too, is given a great chance, and she has only to reproduce her form at Derby last year to win outright.

Burns, the great Scottish poet, was in his erratic lifetime a great favourite with sportsmen of his native country, and the records of the Caledonian Hunt, under whose direction the charming Ayr meeting is carried out, tell us that, in consideration of "Mr. Burns of Ayrshire" having dedicated a new edition of his poems to the Hunt, the Secretary should be directed to subscribe for one hundred and fifty copies and to pay Mr. Burns twenty-five pounds upon the publication of his book. There is a lovely view to be obtained from the Ayr course of the silver Firth of Clyde, with for a background the rocks of Holy Isle below Arrán's rugged peaks, and snow-capped Goatfell towering above every thing and body. Ayr is the gathering for all the gallantry and beauty of the district—a good name for it would be the Scottish Goodwood.

Notwithstanding that jockeys earn big salaries, their profits are not now what they used to be. Three or four make £5000 per annum or more, but they are no longer allowed to receive the absurd presents that in the days of Archer were such a tremendous source of revenue to them. A few years ago, after a certain race, in which there was £2000 for the winner and £1000 for the second, the owner of the second was

sympathised with by a well-known sporting writer, the horse having been a great favourite. The reply of the owner was: "I am as well off as I should have been; if I had won, I should have had to give the jockey half, and, as it is, I have to pay him only his fee." There is one owner who always used to pay his jockey £200 for riding the winner of a £100 selling-race. Although the professional jockeys are not so highly paid as formerly, they probably get more than any other class of professional sportsmen.

Sporting men of many grades will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Walter C. Goldsmith. "Goldie," as Mr. Goldsmith was generally dubbed by his intimates, was well known in the coaching world, and took a leading part in the formation of the London Tandem Club. Apart from his skill as a "whip," Mr. Goldsmith was a keen follower of racing, and among his intimate friends of bygone days was poor Tam McGeorge the starter. Cheery to the last, in spite of poor health, Mr. Goldsmith was keenly interested in the doings of horse and hound, and his decease will be honestly regretted by all who knew him.

Mr. J. Comyns-Cole, the well-known sporting journalist, who is about to retire from active work, has had a good innings at reporting races. He was a well-known figure at all the fashionable meetings, such as Newmarket, Ascot, Goodwood, Sandown, Kempton, and Doncaster. Mr. Cole contributes to the *Field*, the *World*, *Baily's Magazine*, and other high-class papers and magazines. He is very popular with his brother-journalists, who presented him with a slight token of their regard on the St. Leger day. Mr. Langley, another old sporting writer, still sticks to his guns, and I am glad to hear that he is enjoying fairly good health just now. CAPTAIN COE.



MR. H. H. HILTON, IRISH GOLF CHAMPION.

Photo by Dwyshart, Chelmsford.

## AQUATICS.

In the season's aquatic events the Teddington Beach Regatta holds a lofty position. The lawn of the Albany Club is invariably thronged by a fashionable gathering, and with the help of the band of the 3rd and 4th Battalions East Surrey Regiment the latest anniversary passed off with perfect success. The programme was of terrific dimensions, as may be gauged from the fact that racing was in progress from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. The class too was somewhat above the average. F. J. V. Furnivall took the Single Sculls in decisive style, S. G. Messon running up. The Lady and Gentleman's Doubles fell to Miss Rooke and

R. O. Atcherley, the latter a prominent footballer. Miss Hemmingway and W. G. Ross were very dangerous in the final, but that lady made a mistake at a critical moment. However, she and Miss Bogle took the Ladies' Doubles in fine form. The Gondolas, as usual, caused rare interest. The Albany Challenge Cup for Double Sculls was taken by R. O. Atcherley and T. P. Hardwicke, while there were several other attractive events. The patrons of these sports are the Duchess of York and the Duke of York.

## GOLF.

Mr. Harold H. Hilton, the well-known amateur golfer of Hoylake, has had a run of success this year that falls to few men in any sport or pastime, and more rarely still in a sport so beset by the shoals and quicksands of luck as the royal and ancient game of golf. Mr. Hilton has just added to his other list of honours the Championship of Ireland, an honour that has been held by another famous Hoylake amateur, Mr. John Ball junior. Mr. Hilton has, of course, secured the great prize of the year, the Open Golf Championship, but he has yet to win an even more coveted honour—the Amateur Championship. Mr. Hilton's brilliancy this season is only equalled by his consistency, and I hope to see him Amateur Champion next season.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

It would seem that "corners" and "rings" are now no more the exclusive stock-in-trade of politicians, stock-jobbers, or other enterprising spirits with particular little Klondykes of their own compilation in view. Starting on the approved lines of such classic wire-pullers, there is a well-founded rumour afloat that leading dressmakers in Paris and at home have combined in a plot to drive fair patrons into the beflounged skirts of their grandmothers, willy-nilly. All blandishments and warnings to the contrary notwithstanding, women have still clung fondly to the beautiful severity of plain skirts. But this winter proclaims a revolution among the stitching arch-confraternity, and it is announced for our guidance and edification that "plain skirts are in all cases superseded by the new models," which, coming from an authoritative conclave on the other side of Seine, sounds ominous for our flowing lines and "godets." Six flounces of graduating depth, the top one of which is met by a pointed half-handkerchief drapery going all round, and edged also with a ruching, is one of the last effusions in brocade thrown off by a distinguished man-milliner, who, I am told, absolutely refused to make a plain cashmere skirt for one of his customers, which is almost carrying matters as far as his *confrère* on this side of the Channel, who, being noted for a prejudice in favour of "dressing" tall women, politely declined to drape a more than ordinarily rotund dame, with the diplomatic remark that he "could not trust himself to do justice to her figure." Skirts gathered round the hips on six or seven cords are also a feature of present preparations for the coming siege, but, however possible in light gauzy materials over silk, it seems to me that this style, carried out in heavy materials, can only be one of unmitigated clumsiness, except perhaps for women without the semblance of hips, of whom the number is mercifully restricted.

Tartans and checks are promised a revival, but, if cut-up skirts are taken into serious consideration, they can scarcely prevail to any extent. A plainly gores gown of Highland pattern may not alone be possible, but pretty, which can by no means be allowed of the same device when



BLUE AND BLACK.

[Copyright.]

wrought into frills and flounces. For those who, modiste or no modiste, will still "stand by" their straight beliefs in skirt lines, braiding will come much into view on apron and bodice. The craft is in for a regular revival, and some of the smartest tailors are already wreaking their elaborate fancies on tweed and cloth with great effect. A green covert-coating, flecked

with white and braided with gold and black fleur-de-lis in a conventional design, was one of the most uncommon gowns in the paddock at Doncaster last week. Another spectacular triumph was rendered in cherry-coloured cloth, the skirt lined with a deeper shade of silk, and the charming little bodice, pouched back and front, belted in with ruby velvet, rosettes to match trimming the left side, which was further finished with a frill of real lace. The sketch

will render a faint idea of its attractions, and another smart dress seen in the same sportive and sporting surroundings was of tan covert-coating, lined with black satin, each seam piped in the same material, the skirt of which, cut in the latest manner, was quite flat about the waist, back and front, spreading into very wide circumference below the hips. A very smart and capital dress for knockabout or rainy weather. Another illustration shows a dark-blue house-dress made with tiny flounces in a material which above all others lends itself to that sort of adornment, namely, Irish poplin. Each is bound with black satin, and a folded waistband of the same material is supplemented by the collar arrangement to match. Many of these narrow frills are edged with tiny narrow velvet to match, or even the little fringes of early date which now in rejuvenated editions are being pressed into fashionable service as edgings. Beaded passementeries, which have elaborated frocks with increasing extravagance each season of late, are going out in view of the change of feminine front, which now points to braiding the aforesaid fringes and ruchings of silk or material.

Among other forecasts of fashion, I see the redingote

dress put forward as an attractive novelty. Nothing more becoming is possible to lovely woman when this style is rendered in velvet, and fastened at the left side, which, bordered with fur and edged with lace, gives the very best effect to these handsome costumes. Trained skirts are also once more on the war-path—an uncomfortable but becoming fashion, which is only suited to evening, or, at all events, indoor use. The spectacle of draggetailed draperies is now practically forgotten, but when our untidy forebears subscribed to it in the 'sixties comic artists of the time were quick to avail of its opportunities. A particularly burning question of the moment is that which treats of external arrangements. The cape is at last *démodé*, regretfully be it spoken. The jacket, as it is writ large in "ready-made" shop windows from eighteen and elevenpence upwards, cannot be seriously considered as a reflex of well-dressed requirements.

Sacque-shaped coats are worn in Paris more or less ornate in style, and three-quarter-length cloaks, with large hoods after the Breton peasant fashion, are in favour for driving and seaside wear. The hoods are lined with silks to match the lining, and drawn up after the classic "Colleen Bawn" model.

The royal visit to Ireland is over at last, and it is to be hoped that the distinguished guests have left with that "sweet taste in the mouth" which the proverbial hospitality of Hibernia's cheerful island is wont to produce. A great function was the Baron's Court garden-party, Tyrone being represented by nearly all its prominent families, and the day held up bravely, notwithstanding many rumours and alarms regarding the weather. The Duchess of Abercorn issued two thousand invitations, and a specially organised service of "cars" between Newtown Stewart and Baron's Court made the crooked ways of "jarveys" easy for their fares, since the irresistible temptation to Paddy of making hay while the sun shines was neutralised by a prearranged system of charges, to the comfort of everyone concerned. The Duchess wore a charming gown of heliotrope Irish poplin, with toque to match. This material is promised among winter novelties, by the way, and it is, without doubt, owing to the patronage bestowed on Irish poplin looms by the Duchess that this much-needed revival is given effect. Lord Arthur Hill,



[Copyright.]

TAN COVERT-COATING LINED WITH BLACK.



Sir Samuel and Lady Black, Sir William Ewart, Colonel Rowan Hamilton, General and Mrs. Trendennick, Sir James Musgrave and Miss Musgrave, Lady Isabella Stewart and Miss Stewart, Mr. T. B. Curran, Sir Thomas and Miss Lecky, Sir Acheson and Lady MacCullagh, Lord Robert Montagu, Lord and Lady Castlestewart, Lord Charlemont, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Atkinson, Sir Francis and Lady Brady—were a few of the well-known faces crowding the pleasant lawns about which the Duke and Duchess moved, winning golden opinions here as in Dublin by the charming and genial courtesy with which all were received. It is a laborious business, that of royalty, particularly in these later days, when the exalted ones of earth are brought into such continuous intercourse with the ever-spreading “classes.” Few royal personages could have acquitted themselves so successfully as “the Yorks” in Ireland, and hopes are now universally entertained that a permanent residence will become a picturesque reality in the near future. The Duke and Duchess would be sure of the heartiest welcome.

Renovations are the order of the hour in many families just now, particularly where the girls are obliged to fit in a fashionable appearance with the exigencies of that inelastic quantity known as a “dress allowance.” I have seen three little Moujik jackets cleverly contrived by an invaluable maid out of as many capes which were slightly *démodé* and had been relegated to the “wrap” stage. Smart gilt belts inlaid with



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AT DONCASTER.

turquoise were an investment that gave great effect to these rechristened and most useful garments, the great beauty of the Moujik jacket being its adaptability to any sort of skirt, whether a match or contrast. Tailor-mades that, like Mrs. Ebbsmith, have “had their little hour,” I have also seen smartened up in the same economic household of many daughters by the application of braiding on lapels, collar, and cuffs, a form of trimming which will take first rank among winter “furbishings.” Evening-frocks of light-coloured silk and satin which have lost their first bloom can come out in a new and fashionable guise under tucked or gathered skirts of net and tulle; the bodices, similarly treated, are in the last cry of fashion, if that clarion call may be said to exist out of the Season.

As a matter of fact, there are very few indications of any decisive or decided novelty just yet, although, among new materials, satin, cloth, and cashmere are being sent out in quantities by the manufacturers. In millinery, the “lamb’s-tail feather” plays first fiddle among novelties, and is shaped, as its name betrays, like that frisky extremity. In white ostrich these fluffy feathers look very smart, but they are also made in commoner and more barn-door accessories, which are cheaper and scarcely less attractive. White furs are coming into decisive favour, I am told, from the unassuming white bunny to the regal ermine. The white-crested grebe which our great-aunts wore, with the invariable black silk dress and black velvet cloak as accessories, is also creeping into notice,

though I doubt its power to please except in narrow edgings to the velvet redingote, and only then with certain colourings.

Among newly invented items which, unlike our gowns and bonnets, carry no date, but always remain a joy in themselves, may be counted Atkinson’s latest development in sweet scents, which is called Aoline, and diffuses the most exquisite perfume in wardrobe, ball-room, or wherever its delicate odours are used. It is a natural perfume made from flowers, and exhales a fresh and fragrant atmosphere, which can never attach to the artful admixture of chemicals, no matter how skilfully blended. Aoline leaves a lasting and most refreshing bouquet behind days after it has been dropped on dress or mantle, unlike most other perfumes, which are as a rule not less evanescent than the flowers they are named from. Aoline, besides being used as an essence, is also converted by Messrs. Atkinson into a soap, which scents the atmosphere of dressing- or bath-room most deliciously. As a complexion-powder its attractions will speedily be manifested on every dressing-table of distinction. It is so difficult to alight on a really good and gratefully scented powder, but here we have both qualifications in one. If anything could in fact displace Atkinson’s famous “White Rose” from my first affections, it would undoubtedly be called Aoline, and even now I am uncertain that I do not waver between the well-tried excellence of one and the newly found graces of the other.

The humours of railway travelling seem in these days subservient to the tragedies as a rule, but amusing situations will sometimes crop up, like mushrooms, in the most unexpected places, and it was in a carriage reserved “for ladies only,” of all places in the world, that a comic occurrence took place under my immediate observation a day or two since. Attracted by this aforesaid reassuring label, a severe and unalluring elderly female proceeded to ensconce herself in a corner seat bound for Euston, when happening to cast her eyes on the opposite cushion she espied “Captain Jones” writ large on various impedimenta scattered thereon. Snorting with maidenly rage, she at once proceeded to the door and invoked a passing porter to remove the offending masculine baggage. In the midst of a very voluble harangue appeared another formidable female seeking the shelter of “ladies only.” She wore a poke-bonnet and most uncompromising umbrella. Seeing the evicted luggage of “Captain Jones” in the very act of removal, she hurled herself upon it, and turned out in the course of some lurid explanations to be its rightful and enraged owner “of the Salvation Army.”

Pursuing what bears slightly on the subject, I hear that veritable poke-bonnets of the “Army” type, only rendered in velvet and long ostrich-feathers, will be worn this coming season, also the Balmoral, or boat-shaped hat, as affected by our Sovereign Lady when in the North, which will be also adorned with long plumes. From both visitations of the fashionable fancy one would wish to be delivered, if possible; but the eternal adaptability of the eternal feminine may even tolerate these frailties of millinery if they become the mode. Oh, Fashion, what atrocities, Bulgarian or Mayfairian it matters not, are committed in thy name!

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. N. J. (Lancashire).—I regret being unable to reply through post to your query *re* lavender. Undoubtedly the best method of using it for the purpose of scenting rooms is in *pot-pourri*. Placed in a vase it loses fragrance when dry. So far from keeping off moth, it is now very well known that lavender encourages, if it does not attract, these ravaging insects. Our grandmothers knew this, for they never put lavender-bags except in linen. I have written for a particularly good recipe, and will insert it in next issue.

ATTBILL (Lincoln).—(1) An ordinary iron-frame cot enamelled white, with netted string sides and a canvas bottom, is ordinarily used. It will cost about one-fourth if made at home. Line it inside and out with fine calico, to which you can attach trimming *ad lib*. For lining the head of cot use silk or a good satin; the curtains of silk or muslin to be put on separately. (2) Achille Serre would “dry-clean” it for you so that it would look like new.

NANETTE (Banbury).—You can utilise the roll of red China crêpe by having it made up into a tea-gown over taffetas of the same colour trimmed with chiffon to match.

L. L. (York).—(1) To bring your sealskin jacket up to date, send it to Jay’s, who are specialists in the art of renovating or restoring furs. Pouched jackets look very well in sealskin. With revers of chinchilla and a vest of lace and sable tails intermixed, your coat would exactly resemble one specially made for Princess Soltykoff by a Parisian furrier. Jay’s would send you an estimate of the cost if you wished for it, and, if your coat is such a very good one, it would certainly be worth the alteration. (2) Have you tried borax in the water? If not, do so. It has a wonderfully softening effect—in fact, the many good qualities of this indispensable powder are not half known. It purifies, cleanses, heals, and can be applied to all possible uses with all possible advantage, from curing sore throats to cleaning hair-brushes, with other intervening occupations variously besides. To mark the increasing importance of this invaluable production, in fact, one need only add that the Patent Borax Company have lately received the warrant of appointment as borax-manufacturers to her Majesty.

COSY CORNER (Dundrum).—(1) These artificial palms can be had any size, and in a dark corner would do quite as well as growing plants. I cannot tell you the price, but by writing Peter Robinson’s they would send you measurements and prices. (2) Yes; jewelled belts continue to be fashionable, particularly with the pouched bodices.

A. S. M. (Liverpool).—The address you require is Perseverance Mills, Leeds, for B. and M. flannels.

GRETCHEN (Chislehurst).—Two hundred pounds is not an extravagant sum for furnishing, and in a flat, it will, of course, go farther and fare better than in a house with superfluous bedrooms. The most practical way of going about it would be to send for Maple’s new catalogue, and having apportioned the sum you mean to spend on each room, select what seems most suitable for your bridal bungalow. If you do not want the extra bedrooms, why furnish them? By not doing so you will have more to spend on the rest.

SVBL.

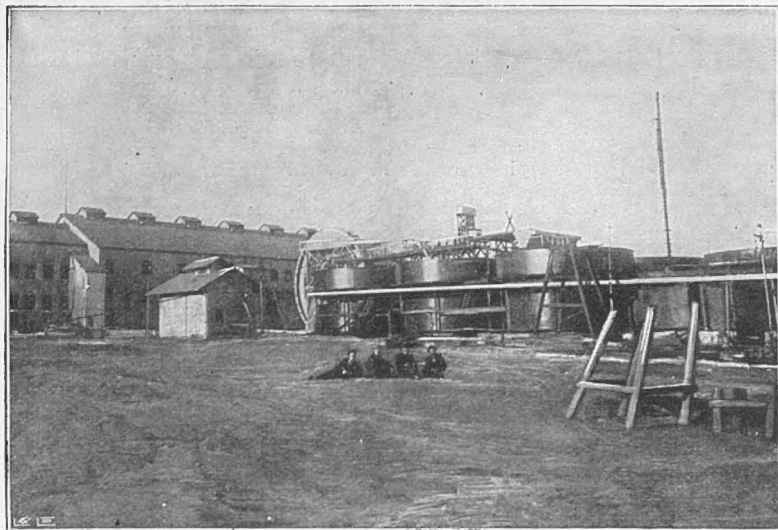


## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Sept. 28.*

## THE MONEY MARKET.

Speculation was rife in the early part of last week on the question of the Bank Rate, but on the announcement—a rather unusual one—by the Bank of England directors that Discount Brokers might send in fine bills, with a currency of not less than ninety days to run, for discount at



CROWN DEEP BATTERY, ENGINE-ROOM, AND CYANIDE WORKS.

2 per cent. per annum, there was created a general belief that the Bank was seeking to avert the inevitable rise in the discount rate, or, at all events, to postpone it as long as possible. We do not follow the tactics of which this incident is an illustration. It seems to us much better that the plunge should be taken at once. But doubtless the Bank directors know their own business best, notwithstanding some of the vagaries in which they have indulged. Everything is hanging in suspense in the meantime, and every rise is checked by dread of a higher Bank Rate.

## CANADIAN SECURITIES.

There has been a disposition during the few days prior to the date of writing to buy Canadian Pacifics, Grand Trunks, Hudson Bays, and other Canadian stocks. For people who like that sort of thing, the kind of stocks mentioned are just the sort of thing they would like. The rise was based upon a report, the accuracy of which we have no particular reason to doubt, that the discriminating duties on goods passing through Canada to the States would not be enforced. That would be a fairly sound reason for stopping a fall in prices, but we do not see why it should bring about a rise. If the actual rise which has taken place is justified as regards Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks, we want a more satisfactory explanation than that commonly current. It involves a stretch of one's imagination to see how Hudson Bay shares, which are as prominent as any in the upward movement, can be affected by these transshipment duties. The fact is that we are suffering from an attack of Canadian fever engendered by the Klondyke gold discoveries.

The following letter from our Johannesburg correspondent will no doubt be of interest to our readers—

## APEX MINES, LIMITED.

This company possesses a property of enormous potentialities. A few years ago, when the East Rand enthusiasts were limited to the brothers Farrar, Mr. Carl Hanau, and the handful of other capitalists who made up the H. F. Syndicate, the large farm held by the Apex could have been picked up for the proverbial old song. But when it was satisfactorily demonstrated that the East Rand Proprietary carries not only payable, but, on the Angelo and Driefontein, more than ordinarily rich reefs, the whole district began to look up. A further advance was made in public estimation when it was established on equally conclusive evidence that the North and South Reefs traversing the East Rand district are the true extension of the Main Reef series. On this point there is now no possible room for doubt.

The Apex in the past two years has participated in the varying fortunes of

the East Rand Proprietary, from which it is only separated on the east by the Boksburg Mines. Although in the boom of 1895 the shares were carried to a very high price, the chairman of the company, only eighteen months ago, declared that he could not point to any actual development on the property then which would justify him in holding out sanguine hopes to the shareholders. A great many thousands of pounds had been frittered away in boring in the wrong locality, and operations were suspended with the exhaustion of the first instalment of working capital.

Additional funds were provided by the issue of 75,000 new shares, 56,500 of these at 35s., and the balance at 40s. per share, and early in 1896 active operations were resumed, attention being in the first place devoted to developing the coal on the southern portion of the farm. Latterly, the company has successfully traced the North and South Reefs of the East Rand, and both have been driven upon for considerable distances from the Glyn shaft. The South Reef, which has been opened up for a distance of 330 ft., is a payable body of ore, the grade representing an average Witwatersrand mine. For the distance stated the reef averages 21 in. in width, average assay value 18 to 20 dwt. In places the assays have run up to 123 dwt.

The Apex property carries the reef for a mile and a half on the strike, and for at least 6000 ft. on the dip. The farm is freehold, but has not been proclaimed under the Gold Law. When it is proclaimed the company will obtain its mynpacht, representing the pick of the 7000 acres held. Altogether the position of the company is unique, and the nominal capital being moderate (£125,000), when the possibilities of such a big East Rand property are taken into account, it cannot be said that the share market takes an exaggerated estimate of the value of the shares. The company has at present £70,000 cash in hand, and it is producing 5000 tons of coal per month. The output will be much increased shortly, but the fortunes of the company depend upon the rich South Reef rather than upon any possible production of coal.

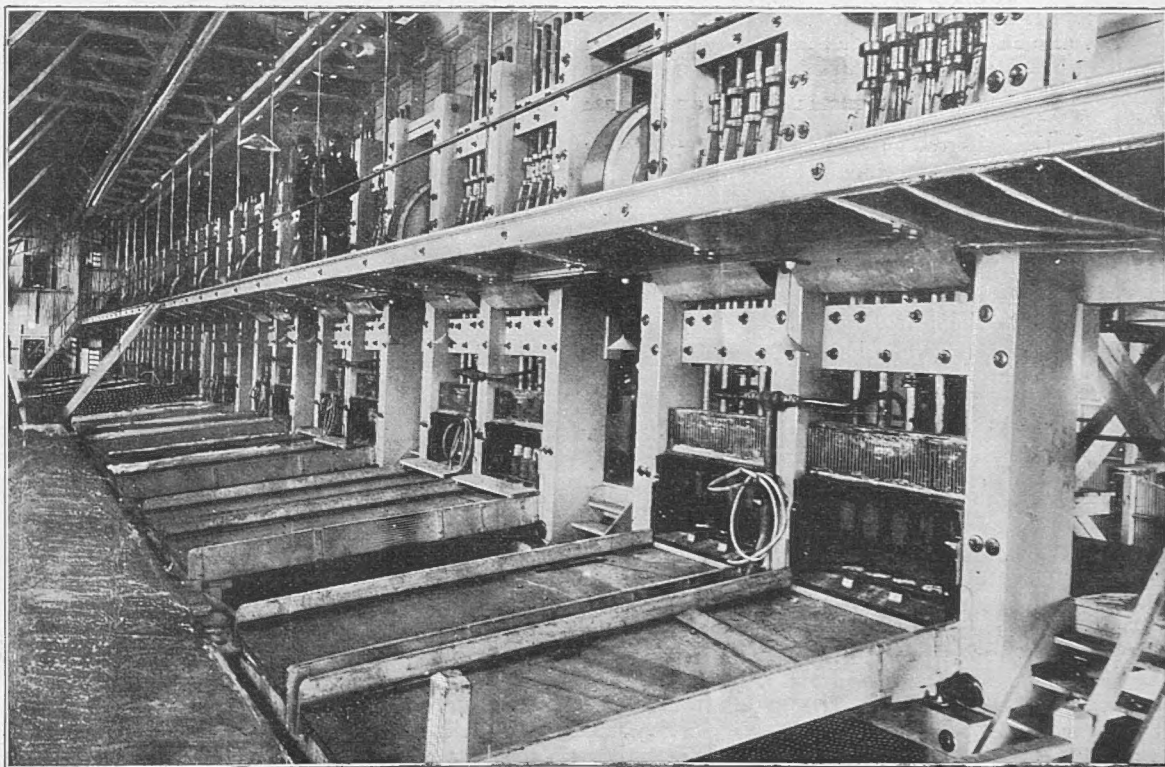
Immediately beyond the Apex, going eastwards, is the Benoni, a property which has recently come to the front with the resuscitation of the entire district. Benonis were all the cry on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange a few weeks ago, when it was rumoured that the company had struck a 10-foot reef of a payable character. This almost unprecedented width of reef in these parts is no myth. In the most easterly of the two main shafts by which the property is being opened up, a leader 2 ft. 6 in. was got at a depth of 625 ft. It assayed 2 oz. to the ton. Sinking was resumed, and, on going through a few feet of sandstone, the 10-foot reef body was come upon.

This enormous mass of blanket gave an assay over the entire width of 15 dwt. The top 2 ft. 6 in. was the richest, and assayed 30 dwt. Since the strike was made the reef has been driven upon 74 ft. east and 70 ft. west. In the west drift, 27 assays, over a uniform width of 10 ft., gave an average of 14 dwt. In the east drift, the reef being about a foot less, a similar number of assays gave 12 dwt. In the east drift, the leader, over a width of 2 ft., averages 27 dwt. 14 gr., and in the west drift the width averages 12 in., and the value 44 dwt. These are very remarkable results, the thickness of reef being surprising, and pointing to low mining costs on this property. The company owns 206 reef claims, and, if only further development shows anything like similar results, the home investor ought to keep an eye on the shares.

On the Chimes West, the next property, keeping still eastwards, operations are temporarily suspended owing to unsatisfactory development results so far. Dyke troubles in the mine and the poor character of the ore led to the shutting down of the company's works at the end of March last. 58,000 tons of ore have been developed, showing the poor average of 8½ dwt. The better results obtained on neighbouring properties, together with indications in this mine, point to the probability of the reef being in more settled country below the fourth level, the main incline being now 70 ft. below this level, and operations will be resumed shortly. Everything depends on the results obtained in the levels under the fourth.

## NEW KLEINFONTEIN.

Going still eastwards, the next mine is the New Kleinfontein, which paid 12½ per cent. a couple of years ago and recently resumed crushing with a new battery. Only 95 stamps are at work, but the full strength of the battery is 140. Scarcity of native labour alone prevents the company from working up to its full capacity. The company is now short of five hundred Kaffirs. This will give the home investor some idea of how acutely this chronic scarcity of native labour affects not only the Kleinfontein, but every mine on the Rand. Rinderpest is now sweeping away the herds of cattle all over South Africa, and its ravages will not be wholly for the detriment of the land if the indolent Kaffir is compelled to



CROWN DEEP BATTERY



work more than three months out of the twelve, and industrial enterprise is made possible in a country teeming with natives, yet suffering acutely from a chronic scarcity of labour. With its fine new equipment and 95 stamps running, the Kleinfontein's total charges (excluding only depreciation) come to 19s. per ton. This, it must be admitted, is a marvellous performance, comparing favourably to the extent of 6s. or 7s. with what the mine could do a couple of years ago, with a somewhat antiquated equipment and under the conditions then prevailing. But, in the interval, the mining status has been greatly improved, without any help from the Boer Government. The practical outcome of the recent Mining Commission has yet to make itself felt on mining costs, but by the combined efforts of mining men themselves natives' wages have been reduced from £3 10s. to £2 per month, representing a saving to the industry of over a million sterling per annum; considerable economies have also been effected in white labour; mealies, on which the native workmen are fed, are much cheaper, while nearly every mining requisite—rails, timber, cyanide, candles, &c.—has fallen appreciably during the past two years. To complete the all-round economies it needs only the Boer Government to abolish the obnoxious dynamite monopoly and to reduce railway freights to a commonsense level. But, even with things on the existing basis, it testifies eloquently to the capacity and industrial adaptability of Rand mining men when a mine like the New Kleinfontein can reduce its costs by 25 per cent. in two years. And nearly every important mine on the Rand can point to a similar reduction within the past few years. The Kleinfontein has 370,000 tons of ore developed; it is making a profit of 10s. per ton on low-grade ore worth only 29s. per ton, and when the full battery is at work the profits will be close upon £10,000 per month. The company owns 151 claims—quite a big mine, even for a large battery of 140 stamps.

Quite the most important event on the Rand in recent months was the starting of the Crown Deep battery in August. This is one of the best of the deep-levels. We reproduce two views of the mine.

#### THE LEAMINGTON CYCLE COMPANY.

The wide difference between the promises made in prospectuses and the actual results achieved is brought forcibly to our notice by the proceedings under the winding-up order recently made against this company. We are sorry for the townspeople of Leamington, for, according to the prospectus of the company, issued in June last year, great benefit was to accrue to that town by the introduction of this business, which was to be on a large scale. The prospectus held out the prospect of a good dividend for the first half-year, as the company would start with all the works equipped, and with a demand for their goods. In point of fact, we learn from the Official Receiver's remarks at the statutory meeting of creditors that the company was unable to commence operations until Christmas last. It appears that the company went to allotment upon a subscription of not more than 5361 shares; and seeing that the number offered for subscription was 60,000, it suggests to the mind that, despite all the glowing accounts last year about cycle promotions, the public did not lose their heads to the extent it was generally thought they did. We are afraid that the fate of the Leamington Cycle Company will be shared by many others of the same type.

#### GAIETY THEATRE COMPANY.

Shareholders in this company are to be congratulated upon the great measure of success which has attended its operations for the past year. The satisfactory result is, of course, attributable to the popularity of "The Circus Girl." This theatre, although it has enjoyed a considerable share of public favour for many years, has been somewhat erratic in the way of dividend distributions. Thus, in 1891-2 and 1892-3 it paid 5 per cent.; 1893-4, nil; and 1894-5 and 1895-6, 15 per cent. It looks, however, as if the management has now been able to hit off the public taste and produce plays at a cost which will admit of a substantial profit to the company. The dividend of 4s. per share now recommended by the directors is highly satisfactory, making as it does a total distribution of 20 per cent. for the year, against 15 per cent. in 1895-6. The company can also boast of a reserve fund of £7000, which is invested in Consols.

#### COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

In the half-yearly report and balance-sheet of this bank to June 30, just to hand, there are distinct signs of an improvement having begun in the banking conditions of the colony. The net profits for the half-year amount to £58,469 15s. 8d., which compare with £47,111 1s. 10d. for the previous half-year. This amount is appropriated towards the payment of a dividend at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum on the preference shares, the sum of £33,000 being carried to Assets Trust Special Reserve Account, leaving a balance of £4299 1s. 8d. to be carried forward to the new account. The £33,000 appropriated as above has been transferred, together with the £20,000 reserved for the same purpose on Dec. 31 last, to the Assets Trust Special Reserve Account, making £53,000 set aside out of the profits of the new bank during twelve months as a provision in connection with its guarantee of the assets trust deposits of the old bank.

#### A COOL REQUEST.

We have received a most extraordinary request, purporting to come from the "Commerce" Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, to publish a letter disclaiming any connection with another company bearing a similar name which is engaged in litigation—not, be it noted, as *defendant*, but as *plaintiff*! Had the letter borne a holograph signature we might have considered the advisability of giving it publication, in spite of the somewhat dangerous insinuations which it embodies. But we are not disposed to accord this privilege under the circumstances, and, so far as we are concerned, we regret that we cannot assist in mitigating the "considerable inconvenience" to which Mr. Albert E. J. Parker's company has been subjected.

#### AUTOMATIC LOLLIPOPS.

We never can refrain from a smile when we receive the weekly traffic return of the Automatic Sweetmeat Delivery Company, Limited. The smile is not sardonic, but cheerful and helpful to one's work. The document shows that finance is not all so dull as many people think. Just as if it were a railway company, the figures are given for the week, and for the corresponding week of the previous year, and also the aggregate to date. We must say they are encouraging, and to the shareholders must be almost as pleasing as a penn'orth of chocolate. Here they are as last rendered—

For the week ending Sept. 4, 1897 ... ..	£3,588
" " " 5, 1896 ... ..	3,482
Increase ... ..	106
Aggregate receipts for forty-nine weeks to Sept. 4, 1897 ...	114,583
" " " " " Sept. 5, 1896 ...	111,151
Increase ... ..	3,432

How much of the increase, we wonder, is due to those unfortunate and too frequent incidents when your penny goes into the slot without any response in the shape of sweetmeats, and you sadly deliberate as to whether it is worth your while to spend a penny in postage and some valuable time in endeavouring to recover a penny put in the slot?

#### YANKEES.

It is a very half-hearted and one-sided attempt that is being made to create a boom in American Rails. The public is not in it, and if they are wise will remain out. There is literally nothing to justify a boom. On the whole, things are looking rather better in the States, but not much better. There is a never-ending game going on, the aim on the American side being to unload stock on the guileless "Britisher." When the attempt is successful, then comes the opportunity for some financial hanky-panky. When it is not successful, then the operation has to be postponed. It is a game which can only be played successfully by those who hold the trump cards, and it is very seldom indeed that these are allowed to fall on this side of the Atlantic. It is natural that the Wall Street people are rather disgusted at our awakening to the real facts of the case, and that efforts should be made to revive our interest in Yankees. But at the moment all speculative interest is directed towards mines here, there, and everywhere, and to Home Industrial companies. Both descriptions are what they call in Scotland "kittle cattle," but with the exercise of ordinary judgment you get in them a better run for your money than you can hope to have in American Rails. The people who have to go through the laborious task of calculating monthly the yields on stocks for brokers' reports always breathe a sigh of relief when they come to American Rails. And why? Because there are so very few cases in which there is any yield to calculate. We repeat that there is nothing substantial or permanent behind the present intermittent and fragmentary demand for American Railroad stocks.

Saturday, Sept. 11, 1897.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

IGNO.—(1) Great Central Five per Cent. Preference is a very fair investment for anybody who understands that it is not a gilt-edged security. (2) We think so; but there is very little market. (3) We see no reason to sell Bombay and Baroda. Our military forces are quite competent to deal with the troubles on the North-West Frontier.

W. H.—(1) We cannot predict how the shares will go. As you are aware, there is a bit of a row at present among the cycle companies. Under the circumstances we should not recommend a purchase, but you should carefully watch developments. (2) No good. (3) We do not recommend it.

GEORGE WALSHAW.—We think you should sell if you can get the price you name.

S. H. M.—We do not recollect the people; but the system is a most undesirable one, and we should very strongly advise you to have nothing to do with it. Forward us the pamphlet, and then we shall probably have something more to say about the matter.

ROVER.—(1) We think very little of Septimus Parsonage Company's shares as an investment. (2) It depends entirely upon the price at which the shares are offered to you whether those of the London, Gloucestershire, and North Hants Dairy Company are worth buying. Tell us the price and from what quarter they are offered. They are not officially quoted in London. (3) A very successful industrial company, but the speculative risk is very heavy. (4) You cannot get five per cent., or anything near that rate, without incurring a very heavy speculative risk. You had better be content with a much lower rate.

NEMO.—We do not believe in the substantiality of the American Railroad boom. See the paragraph above.

KLONDYKE.—We do not doubt the existence of marvellous quantities of gold; but think of the difficulty of getting there, and of getting the gold out when you arrive. If you value your capital, do not be a party to "pulling the chestnuts out of the fire." It will be a big thing one day, but a lot of money will be lost before that.

SOMBRERO.—Of course, Mexico must suffer—and severely too—from the fall in silver. That very point was exhaustively dealt with last week in our "City Notes." But Mexico is honest, and will pay if she can.

SENCILLO.—(1) We are not sanguine, but, unless your holding is a large one, you cannot lose very much by holding on. We should not have recommended you to buy. (2) A fair industrial risk, and probably good as a lock-up; but no particular catch. (3) Very risky in the present temper of the market. (4) We do not recommend a purchase, but, if you have them, wait. It cannot be long before we see how the South African cat is going to jump. (5) Still a fair purchase. We should be able to advise you more fully if you put fewer questions at one time. Our space is limited.